

EXPLORING *the* SUPERNATURAL!



No 10

OCT.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

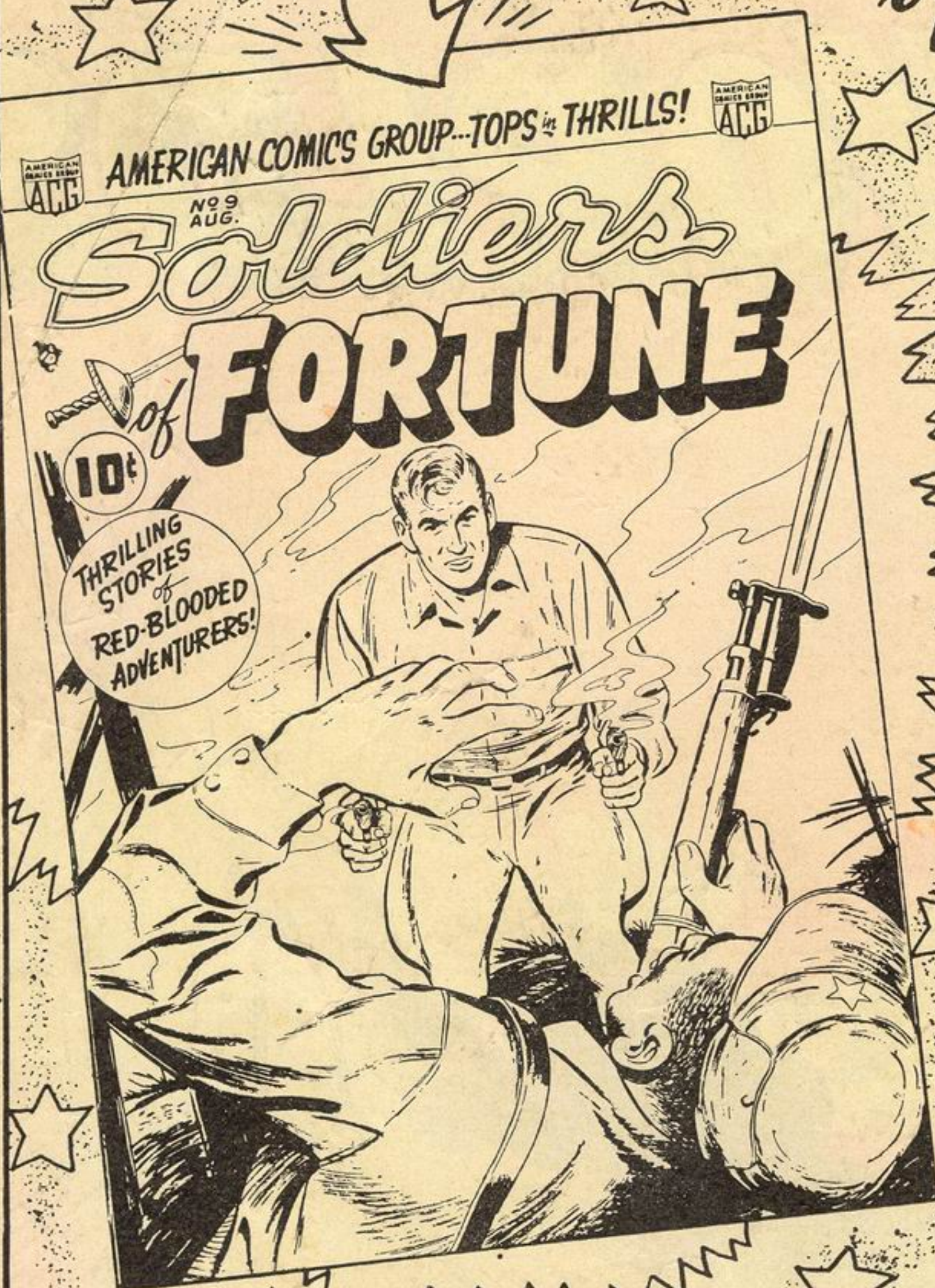
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A DYING CAMP-FIRE CASTING AN EERIE GLOW OVER A TROPICAL ISLE-- A MAROONED GROUP WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH ONLY TO FACE A FAR MORE HORRIBLE END... A REMORSELESS SHAPE SWOOPING OUT OF THE NIGHT FOR HUMAN PREY-- THESE ARE THE ELEMENTS OF A TALE THAT WILL SET YOU QUAKING AND WONDERING-- AS **THE UNKNOWN VAMPIRE-- STRIKES!**

HIGH ABOVE THE STORM-TOSSED SOUTH PACIFIC--

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN THIS STORM LAST, HOSTESS?

THERE'S NO TELLING--IT'S ONE OF THE WORST WE'VE EVER EXPERIENCED! FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PLEASE-- JUST IN CASE!



INSIDE THE HUGE STRATOLINER--

... WELL, DR. VINSON-- MY DAUGHTER EDITH AND I WILL CERTAINLY BE GLAD TO SEE THE STATES AGAIN!

SAME HERE! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN STUDYING ANEMIA AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE PACIFIC ISLES! NOW I'M ABOUT READY TO WRITE A BOOK ON THE SUBJECT!



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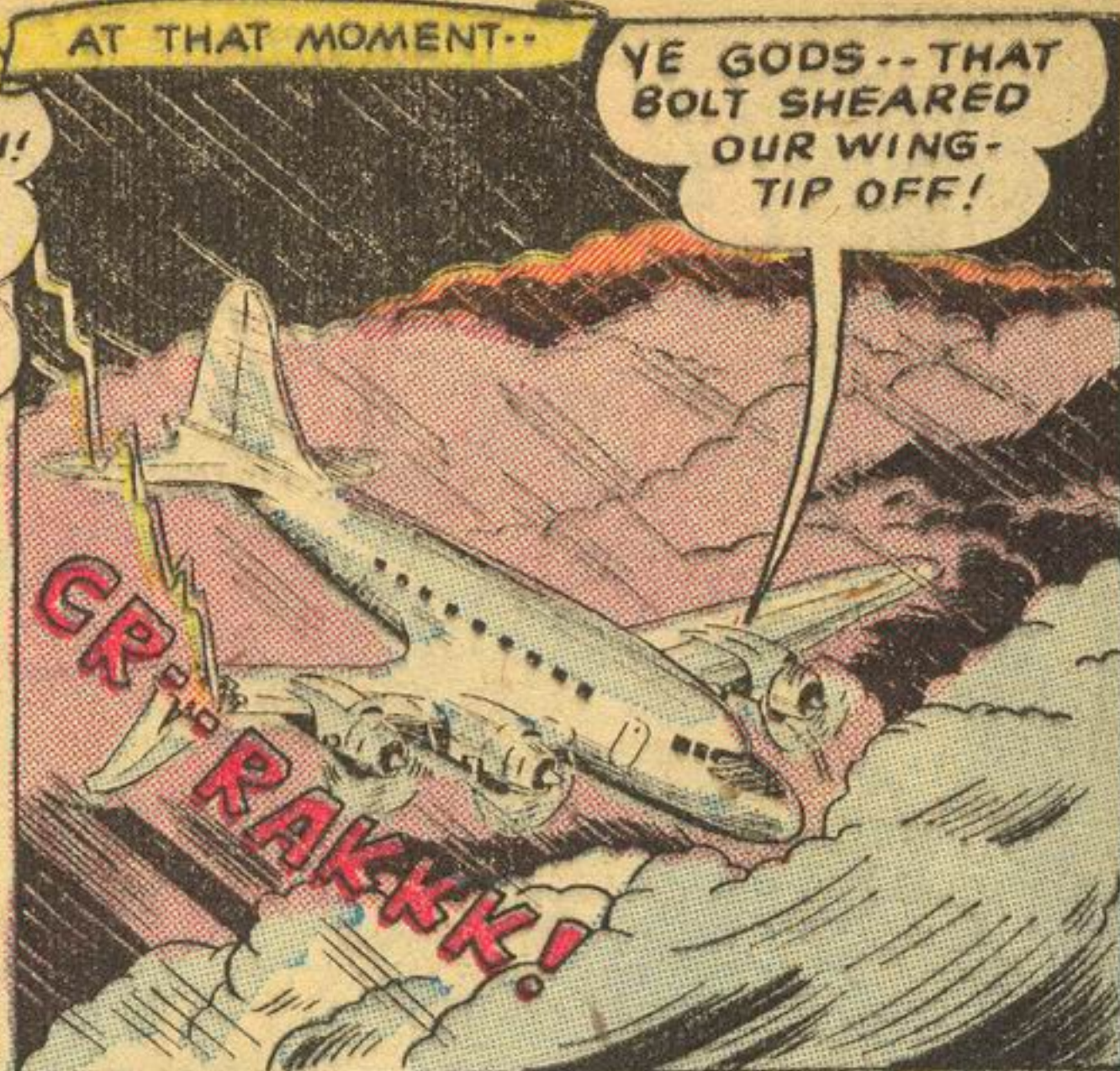
I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF VAMPIRE BATS IN THOSE AREAS.. PERHAPS THEY CAUSED SOME OF THE ANEMIA!

IMPOSSIBLE, EDITH! BELIEF IN VAMPIRISM IS SHEER SUPERSTITION! WHY, I MYSELF WAS BITTEN BY A BAT WHICH THE NATIVES SAID WAS A VAMPIRE -- AND I RECOVERED COMPLETELY, WITH NONE OF THE EFFECTS THE NATIVES PREDICTED!



AT THAT MOMENT--

YE GODS--THAT BOLT SHEARED OUR WING-TIP OFF!



WE'RE GOING TO CRASH-- WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

PLEASE REMAIN CALM--ALL OF YOU! THE PILOT IS GOING TO MAKE A BELLY-LANDING ON THE WATER! IF WE ACT SWIFTLY, WE CAN INFLATE THE RUBBER LIFE-RAFTS WE HAVE FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES, AND GET OFF THE PLANE BEFORE SHE GOES DOWN!



BUT AS THE PLANE HURTTLES TOWARDS DISASTER--

PILOT, LOOK, LOOK! THERE'S AN ISLAND-- JUST BELOW US!

THANK HEAVENS-- AT LEAST THIS GIVES US A FIGHTING CHANCE!



AS THE STUNNED SURVIVORS SLOWLY REVIVE--

ALL OF YOU WHO CAN WALK-- HELP ME GET THE INJURED OUT!



SOON AFTERWARDS--

WE WERE PRETTY LUCKY-- BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF THE FUTURE! SOME OF YOU STRONGER MEN BETTER SCOUT THE ISLAND-- YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHAT THERE MAY BE HERE!

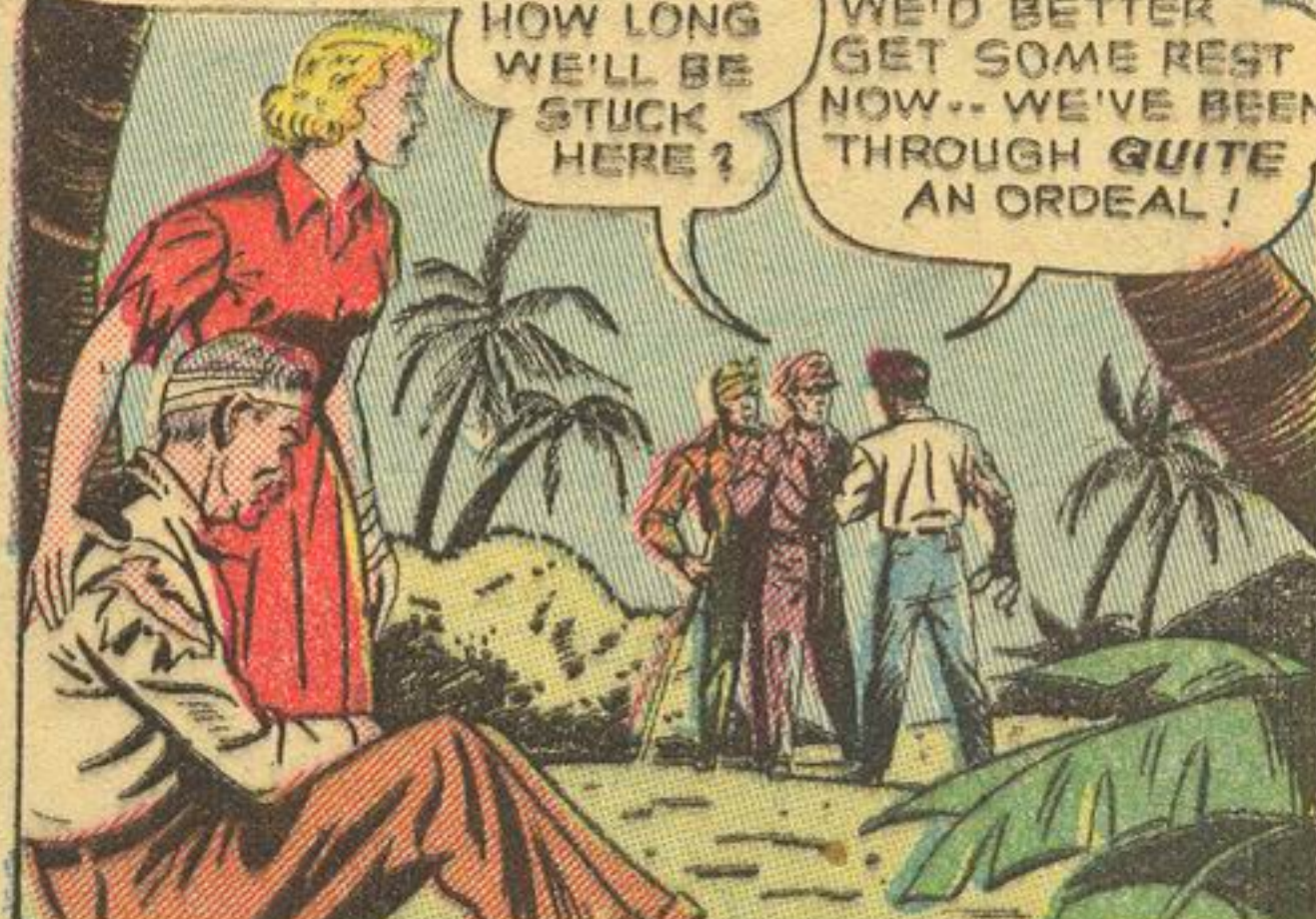
GOOD IDEA, DOC!



AT SUNDOWN--

THE ISLAND IS QUITE SMALL, DR. VINSON-- AND TOTALLY UNINHABITED! IT'S PROBABLY **UNCHARTED**-- AND WITH THE PLANE'S RADIO SMASHED, WHO KNOWS HOW LONG WE'LL BE STUCK HERE?

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT! AT LEAST THERE ARE NO WILD BEASTS AROUND TO THREATEN US! WE'D BETTER GET SOME REST NOW-- WE'VE BEEN THROUGH **QUITE** AN ORDEAL!



YES, THE EXHAUSTED PASSENGERS **HAD** BEEN THROUGH A GRIM ORDEAL! BUT HOURS LATER, AS THE CAMP-FIRE BURNED LOW, ITS FLICKERING GLOW REVEALED AN AWFUL SHAPE HOVERING OVER THE SLEEPING FIGURES-- A SHAPE WHICH HERALDED FAR MORE GHASTLY AGONIES THAN ANY THEY HAD KNOWN!



AH, THE HOSTESS-- SHE SHALL BE MY FIRST VICTIM!



IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAWN--

DOC-- WAKE UP! THE HOSTESS-- SHE'S DEAD!

WHAT?



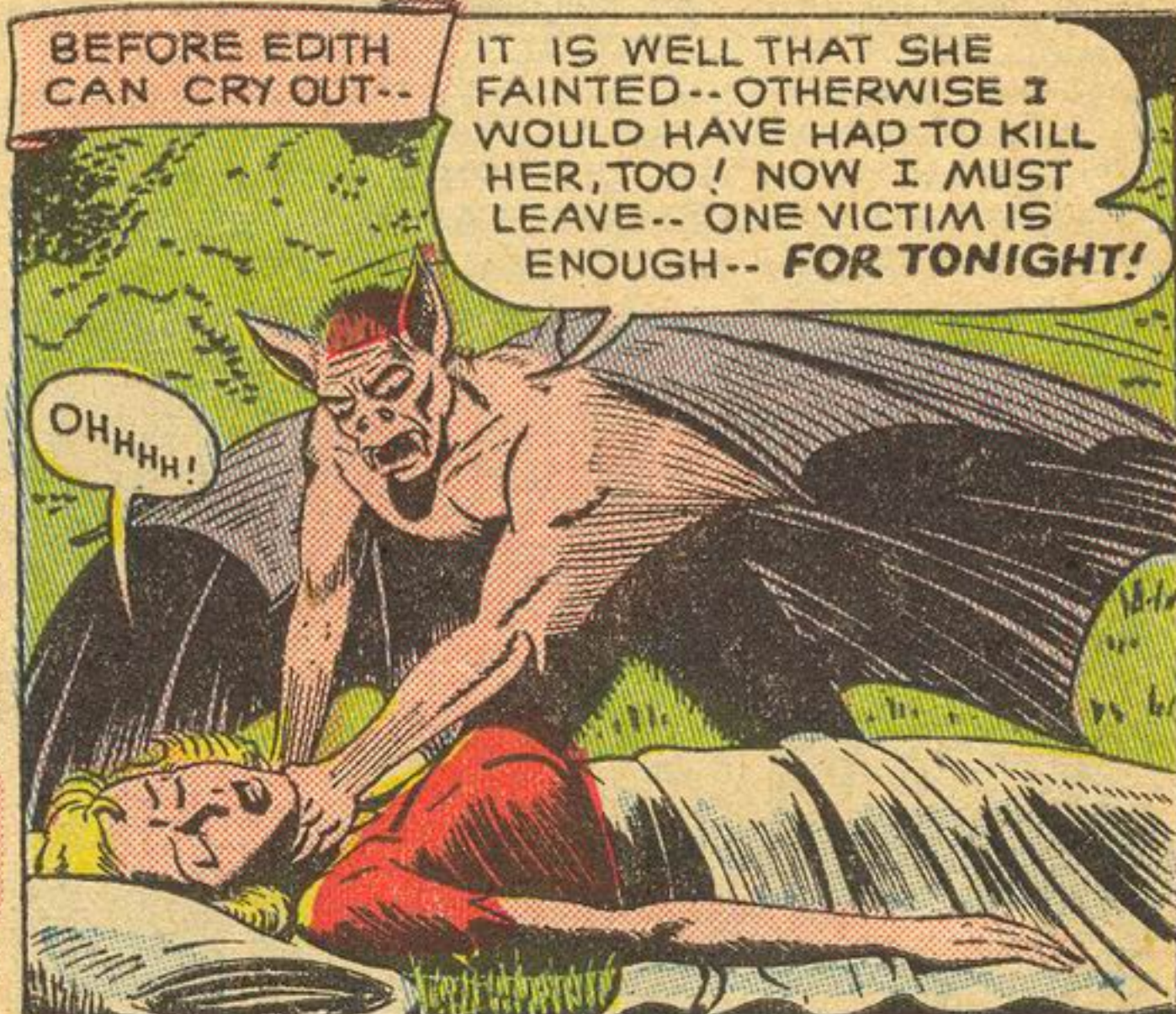
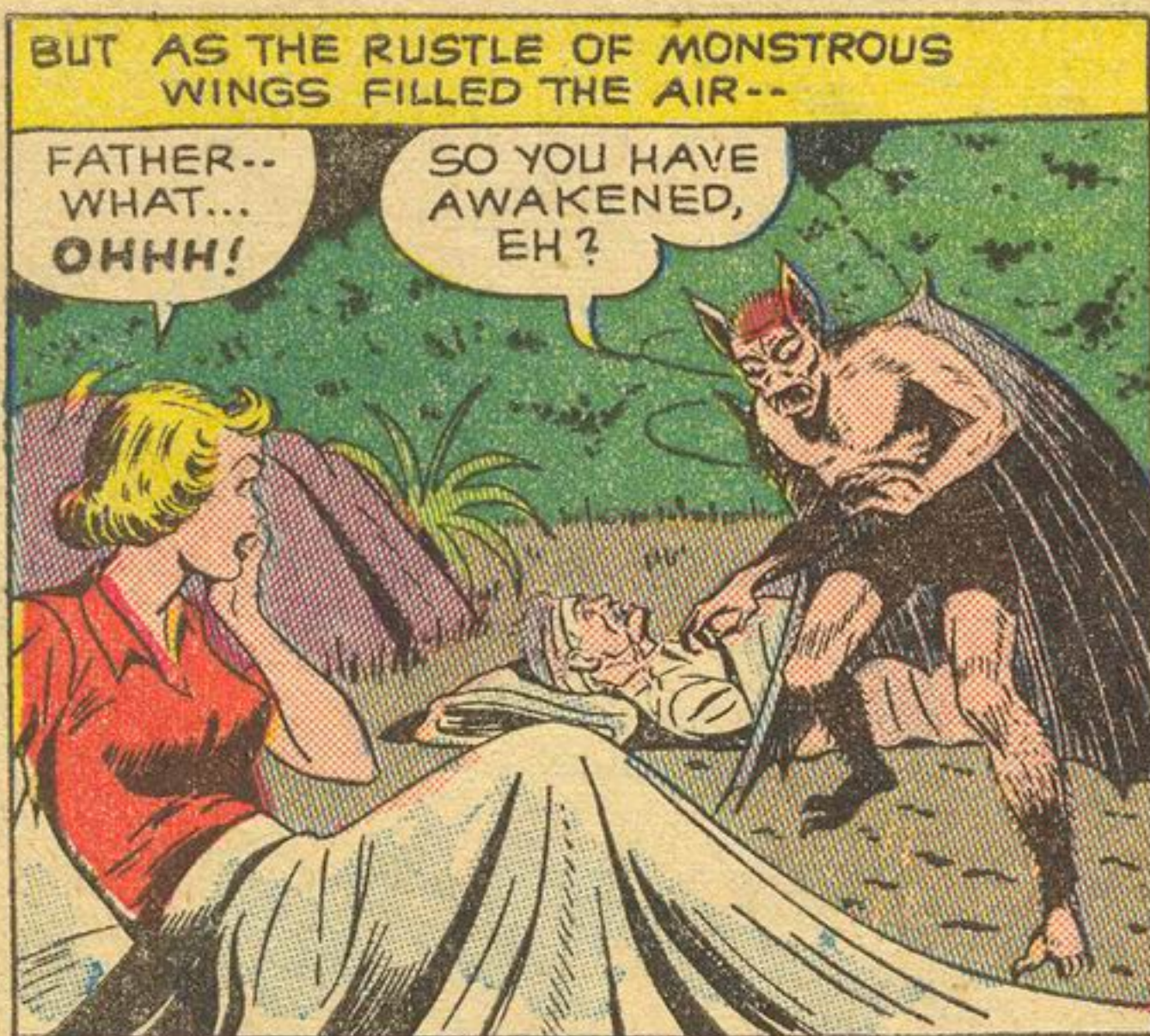
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! SHE HAD ONLY A FEW BRUISES YESTERDAY, AND SHE COULDN'T HAVE DIED FROM THAT! AND SHE... SHE'S SO STRANGELY PALE-- JUST LIKE THOSE ANEMIC NATIVES I USED TO TREAT! GREAT SCOTT, PERHAPS **THIS** ISLAND IS CURSED WITH THE SAME FATAL VIRUS!



WELL, WE'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT THE **LIVING** NOW! WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP INTO GROUPS-- ONE TO FORAGE FOR COCONUTS AND FRUIT, ANOTHER TO GET WATER, AND A THIRD TO BUILD SHELTERS! BY THE TIME NIGHT COMES, WE'LL BE SO TIRED WE WON'T HAVE THE ENERGY TO BROOD ABOUT THE HOSTESS'S DEATH!



THAT NIGHT, AGAINST THE BROODING JUNGLE SKY, A DREAD FORM AGAIN LOOMED-- CIRCling CLOSER-- CLOSER--



LATER, AS A TENSE GROUP MET--

EDITH WAS HYSTERICAL FROM SHOCK, DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS SAYING!

MAYBE SHE **DID** SEE A VAMPIRE-- IT WOULD EXPLAIN HER FATHER'S AND THE HOSTESS'S STRANGE DEATHS! I SAY WE SHOULD ESTABLISH A GUARD AROUND THE CAMP TONIGHT-- AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANYTHING THAT MOVES!



YEAH, WE COULD HAVE FOUR MEN ON A SHIFT-- EACH ONE AT A DIFFERENT QUARTER OF THE CAMP!

OKAY, I'LL JOIN YOU-- NOT BECAUSE I THINK WE'LL CATCH A VAMPIRE, BUT BECAUSE I WANT TO BE AROUND IN CASE ANYONE STARTS SEEING THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE!



LATE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--

I WAS A FOOL TO AGREE TO STAND GUARD AND MISS MY SLEEP-- THIS IS ALL NONSENSE! I'M SLEEPY... VERY SLEEPY... CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO DOZE OFF... FOR A WHILE...



SOON AFTERWARDS, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP PERIMETER--

YE GODS-- THE VAMPIRE! IT'S REAL!

YOU SHALL FIND OUT HOW REAL-- WHEN YOU FEEL THE HORROR OF MY FANGS!



OH, YEAH? SUPPOSE YOU FIND OUT HOW REAL THIS CLUB IS, CREEP!

BLAM!

UGHH!



AS THE VAMPIRE FELL INTO A MASS OF TANGLED SHRUBBERY--

I KNOCKED HIM OUT-- BUT HE MAY REVIVE ANY MINUTE! HEY-- GUARDS-- I CAUGHT THE VAMPIRE! GIVE ME A HAND!

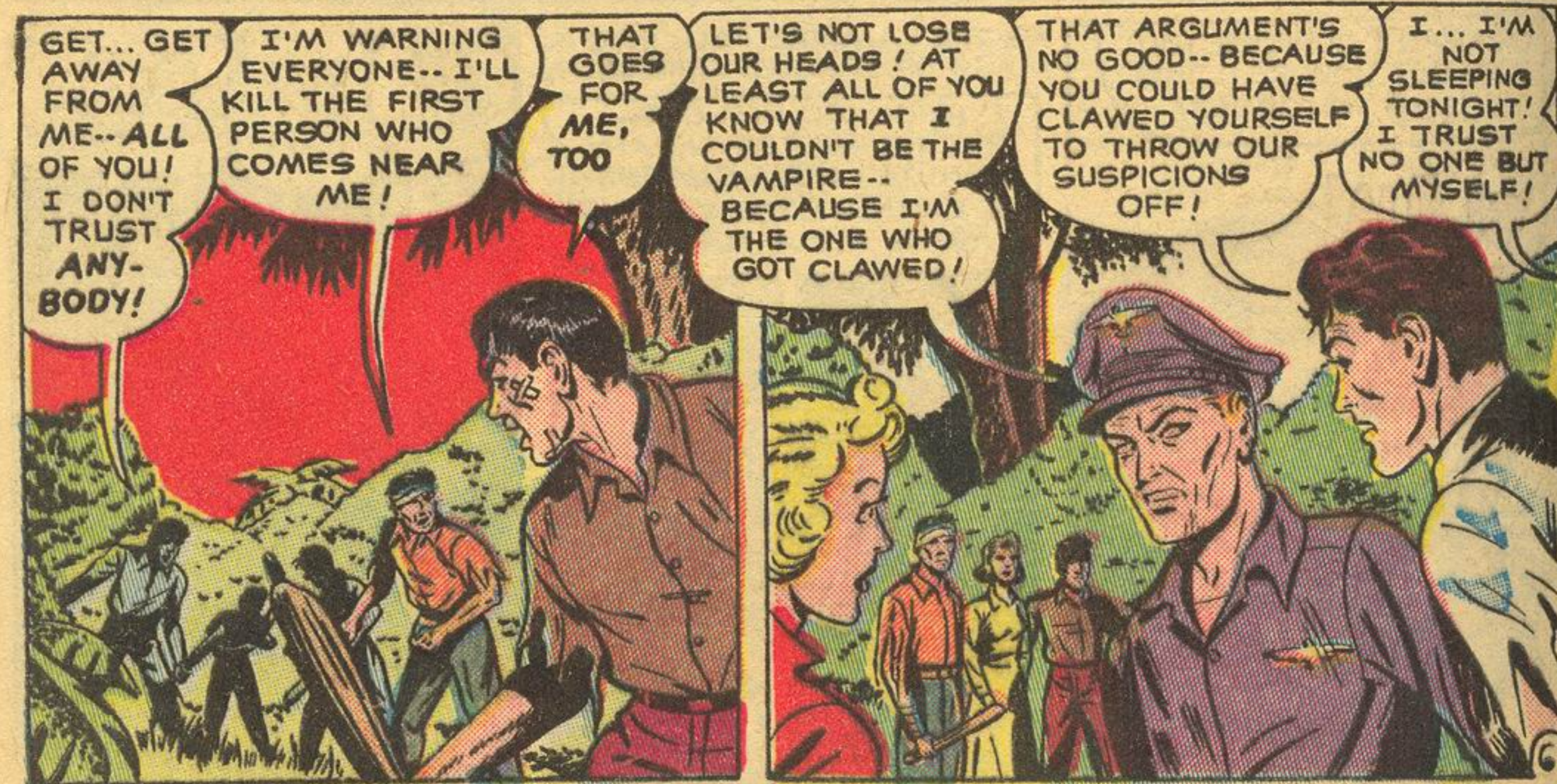
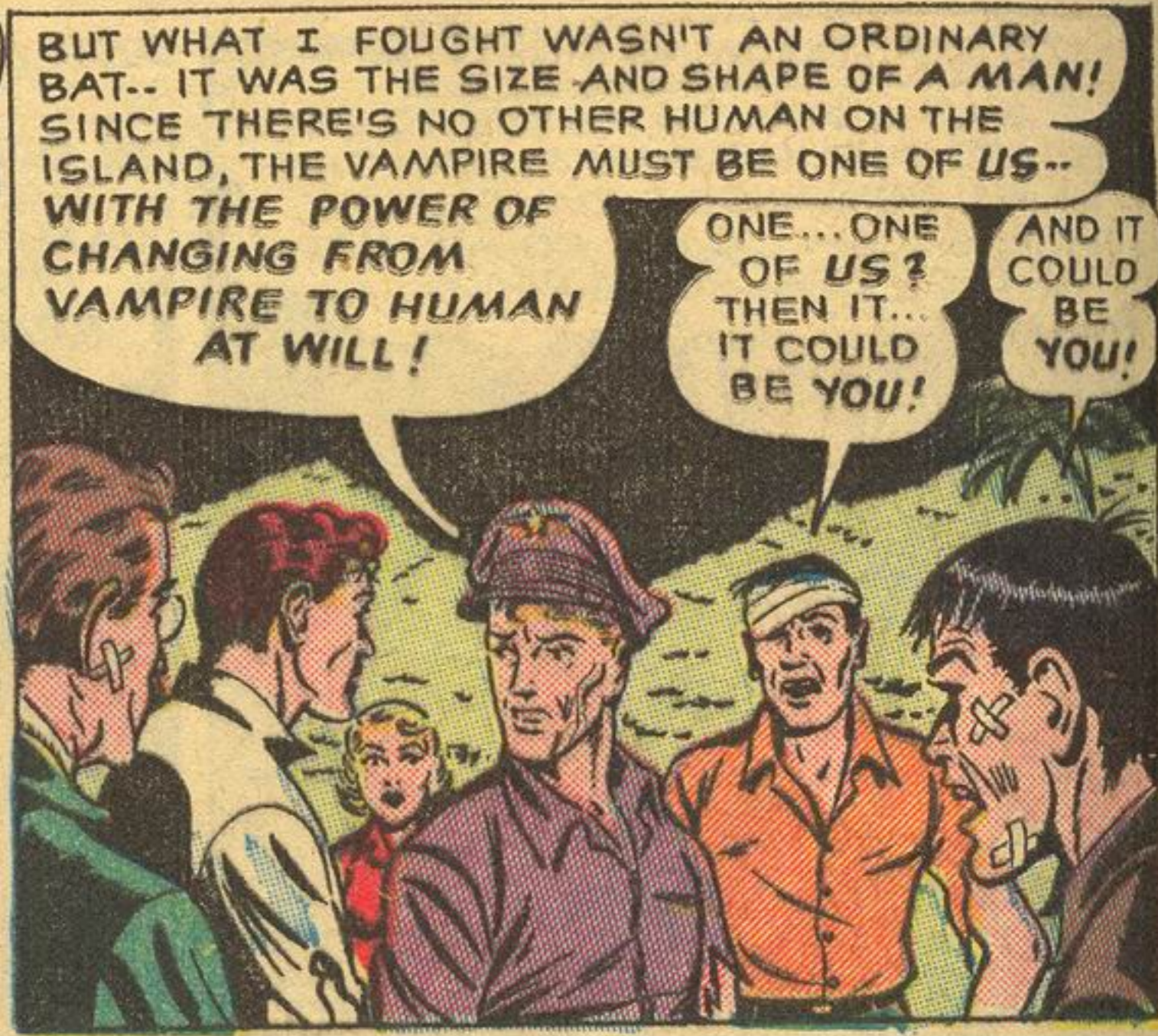
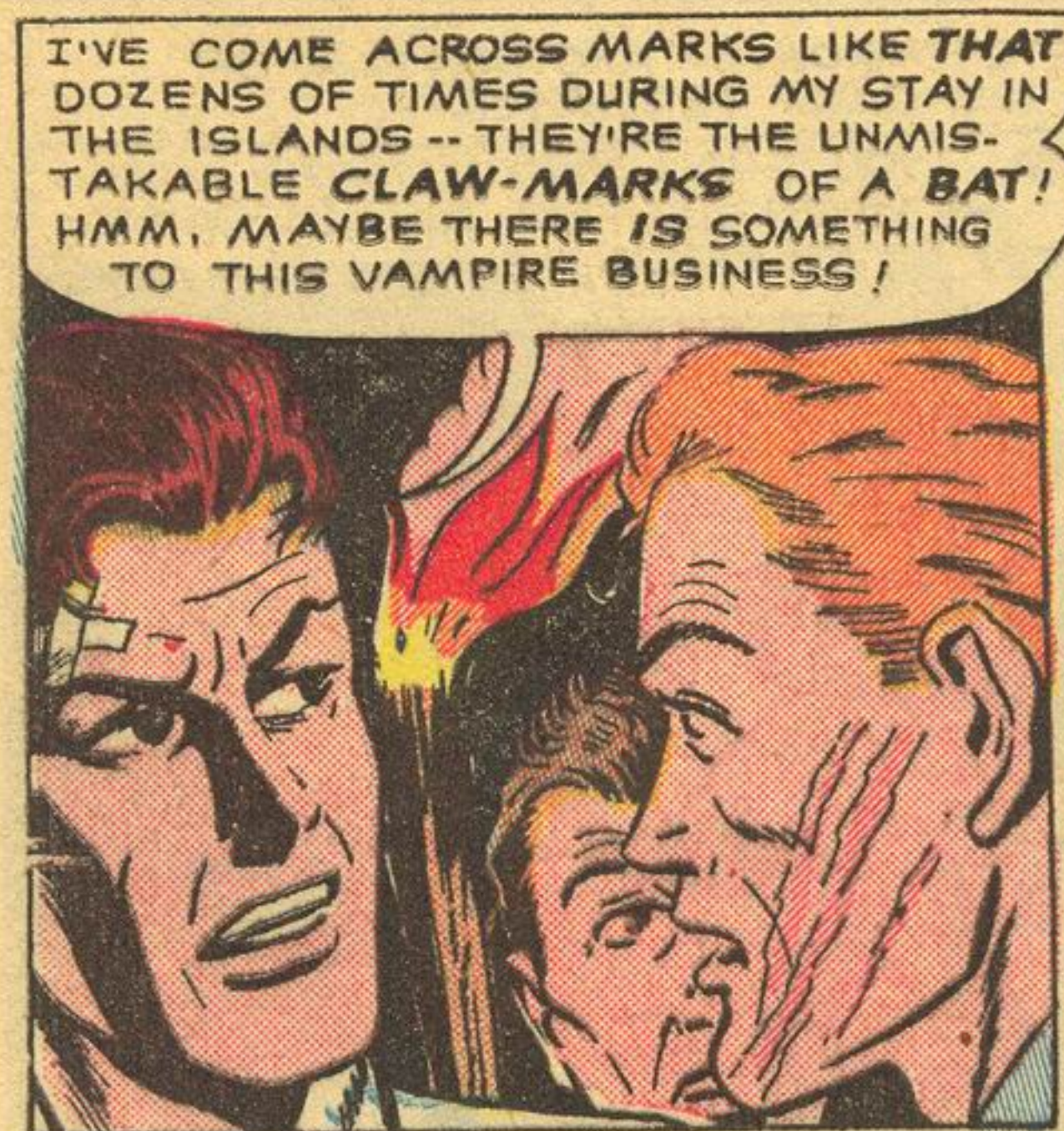


I'VE GOT HIM!

NO-- I'VE GOT HIM!

BRING A TORCH, SOMEONE!





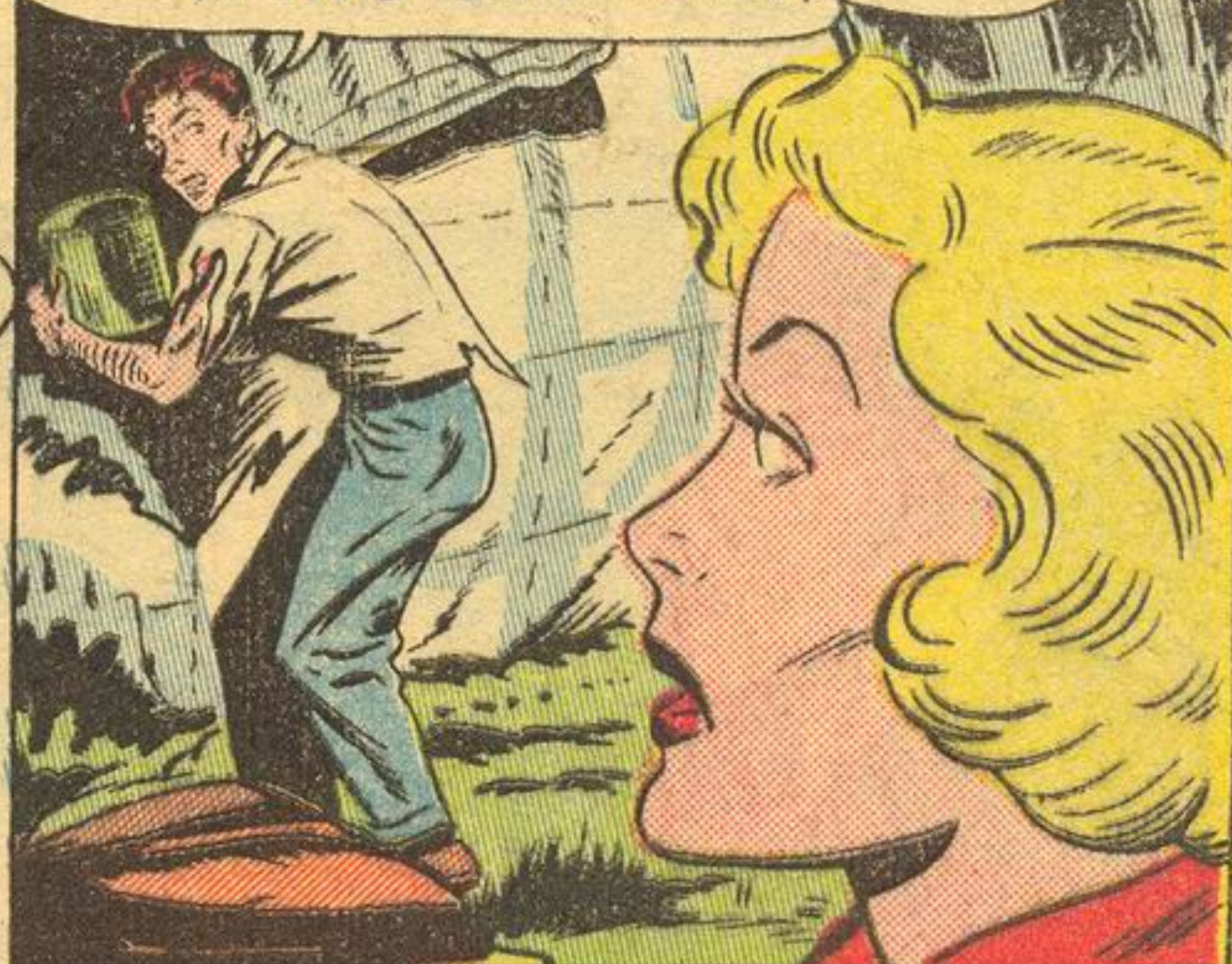
AS THE GROUP DISPERSED IN A PANIC OF FEAR AND SUSPICION--

I TRUST YOU, DOCTOR! YOU WERE SO KIND AND HELPFUL AFTER THE CRASH-- YOU COULDN'T BE EVIL! ISN'T THERE **SOMETHING** YOU CAN DO-- SOME KIND OF TEST TO DETERMINE WHO THE VAMPIRE REALLY IS?

A TEST? WAIT.. MAYBE THERE IS! COME ON-- LET'S GO OVER TO THE PLANE WRECKAGE!



AH, HERE'S THE EMERGENCY WATER-PURIFYING KIT THAT WAS LASHED TO THE LIFE-RAFT! WE DIDN'T HAVE TO USE IT BEFORE-- BUT MAYBE IT'LL COME IN HANDY IN **THIS** EMERGENCY!



THIS WATER-PURIFYING KIT IS SIMPLY A LARGE CAN FILLED WITH COARSE SAND AND SMALL AMOUNTS OF **SILVER!** IMPURE WATER IS POURED THROUGH THE TOP, AND FLOWS DOWN THROUGH THE SAND AS THE SILVER PARTICLES KILL OFF ALL THE GERMS AND MICRO-ORGANISMS! BY THE TIME THE WATER FILTERS THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM, IT'S ENTIRELY PURE!



HOWEVER, SOME MINUTE SILVER PARTICLES REMAIN IN THE PURIFIED WATER, BUT THEY'RE QUITE HARMLESS-- **EXCEPT TO VAMPIRES!** AS YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER FROM LEGENDS YOU'VE HEARD-- A VAMPIRE IS DESTROYED IF SILVER PENETRATES HIS BODY! I'M GOING TO PASS SPRING WATER THROUGH THE KIT AND MAKE EVERYONE

TAKE A DRINK!

THAT'S A WONDERFUL PLAN-- I'LL EVEN BE FIRST!



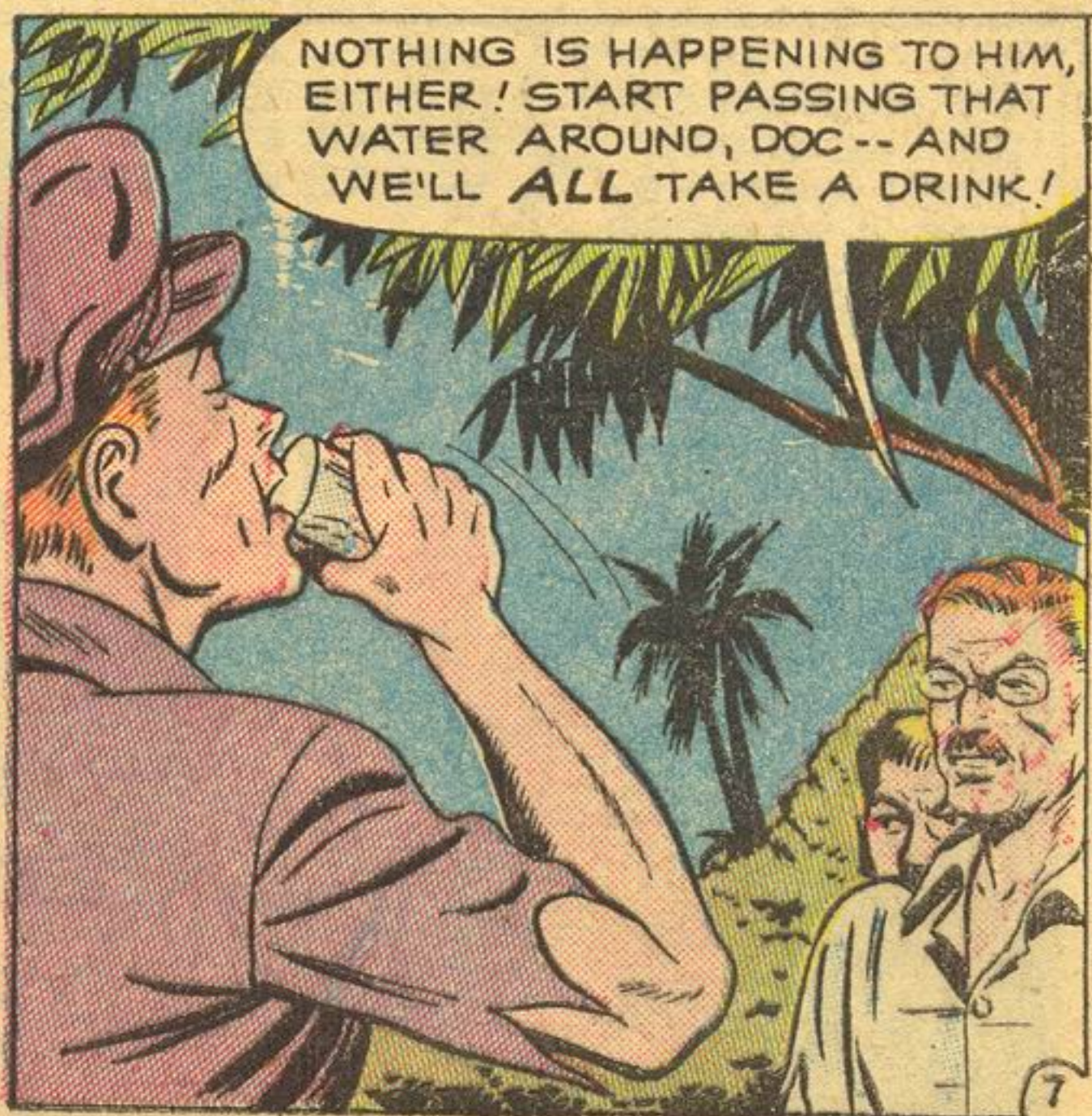
AFTER ASSEMBLING THE GROUP AND EXPLAINING THE PLAN--

AS YOU SEE, EDITH IS SWALLOWING SOME OF THE PURIFIED WATER-- AND NOTHING IS HAPPENING TO HER! IF ANY OF YOU **REFUSE** TO TAKE A DRINK, THE REST OF US WILL IMMEDIATELY KNOW THAT THAT PERSON IS THE VAMPIRE!

OKAY-- I'LL GO NEXT!



NOTHING IS HAPPENING TO HIM, EITHER! START PASSING THAT WATER AROUND, DOC-- AND WE'LL **ALL** TAKE A DRINK!



MINUTES LATER--

WELL, WE'VE ALL TAKEN A DRINK, DOC.. SO NOW WE KNOW NONE OF US IS A VAMPIRE! BUT THERE'S ONE PERSON HERE WHO HASN'T BEEN TESTED-- YOU!

YOU MUST BE JOKING! IF I WERE THE VAMPIRE, WOULD I SUGGEST A TEST WHICH WOULD MEAN MY INSTANT DEATH? BUT, TO ALLAY YOUR SUSPICIONS, I'LL DRINK ALSO!



AS THE WATER TRICKLED DOWN DR. VINSON'S THROAT--

STRANGE HOW THE WATER BURNS--HOW IT... A AAGHHH!

HIS...HIS FACE-- IT'S CHANGING!



OH, MERCIFUL HEAVENS! IT... IT WAS THE DOCTOR!

YES-- I SEE IT ALL NOW! THAT... THAT VAMPIRE'S BITE IN THE ISLANDS DID CHANGE ME INTO A VAMPIRE-- GASP!-- BUT ONLY IN MY SLEEPING STATE-- WHEN I WASN'T CONSCIOUS!



THAT... THAT WAS WHAT THE NATIVES SAID WOULD HAPPEN-- BUT I... I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM! I... I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE I DESTROYED IN MY SLEEP ALL THESE YEARS-- BUT AT LEAST I... I'M PAYING FOR ALL THOSE HORRIBLE

CRIMES! THE... THE SILVER PARTICLES-- GASP!-- THEY'RE... THEY'RE-- YAAAAGHHH!



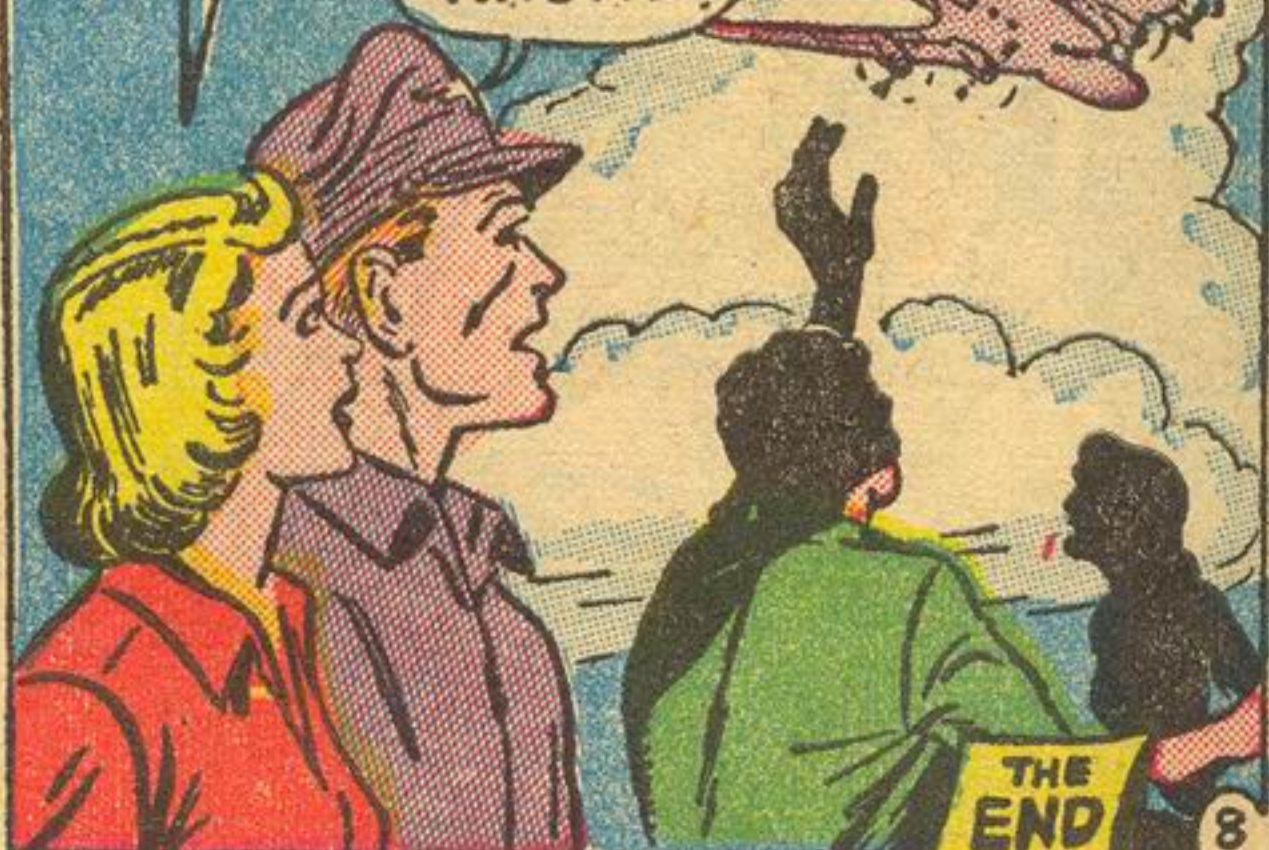
OHH-- HE... HE DIED SO HORRIBLY! BUT HE... HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS A VAMPIRE-- HE WAS SO GOOD AND KIND AND SELF-SACRIFICING IN HIS WAKING STATE!

LOOK-- A PLANE! IT SIGHTED OUR SMOKE FIRES-- WE'RE SAVED!



WELL, WE'RE ALL RETURNING TO SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION-- BUT WHO KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS IN THE WORLD ARE VAMPIRES WITHOUT KNOWING IT-- WONDERFUL PEOPLE BY DAY, BUT DIABOLICALLY EVIL BY NIGHT?

YOU'RE RIGHT-- WHO KNOWS?



THE END

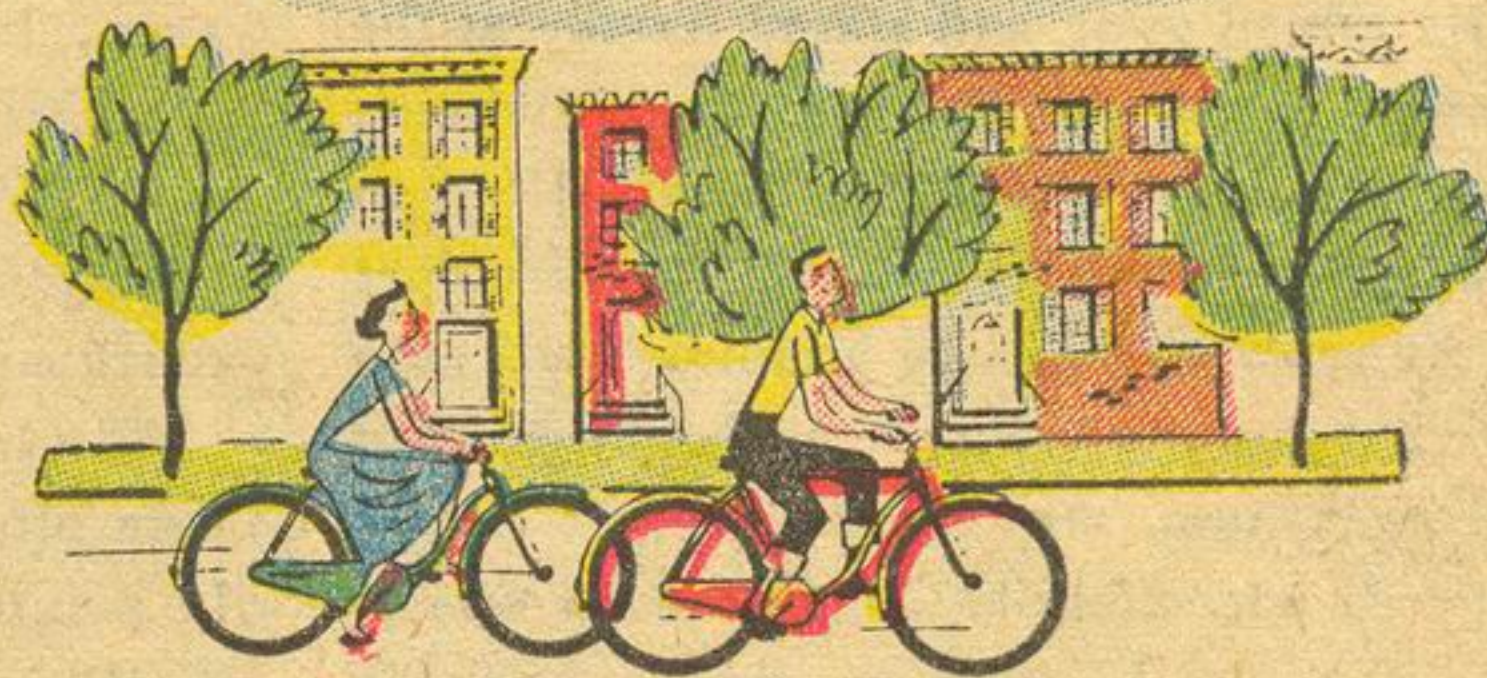


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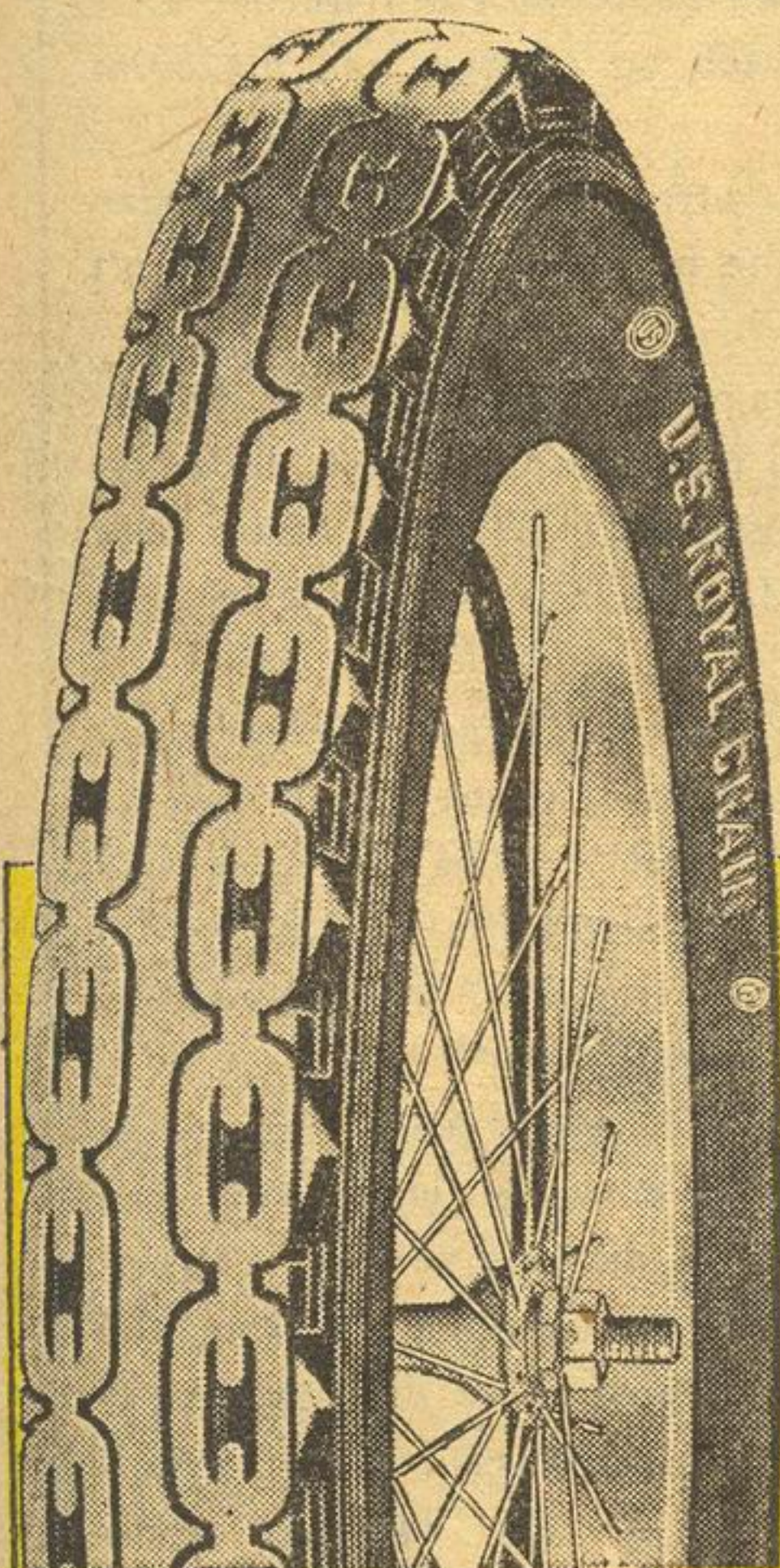


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PORTRAIT of SATAN

RUDOLPH GREGOR WAS desperate. For ten years he had been at the top of his field, the most renowned supernatural artist in America. But his inspiration had mysteriously dried up. No matter how hard he worked, how feverishly he racked his brain for an idea, nothing happened.

Seated at the drawing board in his weirdly decorated study, he listened to the rain falling against the window. The ancient grandfather clock tolled twelve times. Midnight...the fatal hour...a time for death and ghastly sights, perfect for inspiration. But the empty sheet of drawing paper before his eyes mocked him.

He turned away and stared fixedly at the glowing embers in the fireplace. Hanging from the mantelpiece was a dried human head, sent him from Africa. In the corner of the room was a large grinning skull atop which a burning colored candle dripped hot red wax into the eye hollows. Gregor laughed uncomfortably. What good was it all, if he could summon nothing from his imagination? For months he had been able to draw only conventional vampires and zombies, werewolves and ghouls, nothing really...*terrifying!*

He picked up a piece of charcoal and made several swift lines on the paper. A head began to take shape, hideous, but hideous in a conventional way. Where was the stark terror he had always managed to infuse into his drawings before? Where was the chilling horror, the creeping air of evil which his work had once breathed?

"I'd sell my soul to have this thing come alive under my hand...for it to breathe incarnate evil!" No sooner had the thought flitted through his mind than he thought he perceived some slight movement about the eyes of his drawing, slight...but terrifying.

He peered closer. The lines were shifting, reorganizing themselves, as if by an unseen hand. "My brain is overwrought," he thought, beginning to grow frightened. "I'm seeing things!"

A low, frightful voice came to his ears, from the moving lips of his drawing. "Yes, you ARE seeing things," it said. "Things you WISHED with all your soul to see!" Gregor reeled back, for now the drawing was something else, something so evil even his extraordinary imagination could not believe it. Then, within the lines of the face, color began to show, first grey, then green, then something like no other color he had ever seen, but which he sensed was the color of...*hellfire!*

"NO!" he screamed as the face began lifting from the paper. "Stay back! Don't touch me!"

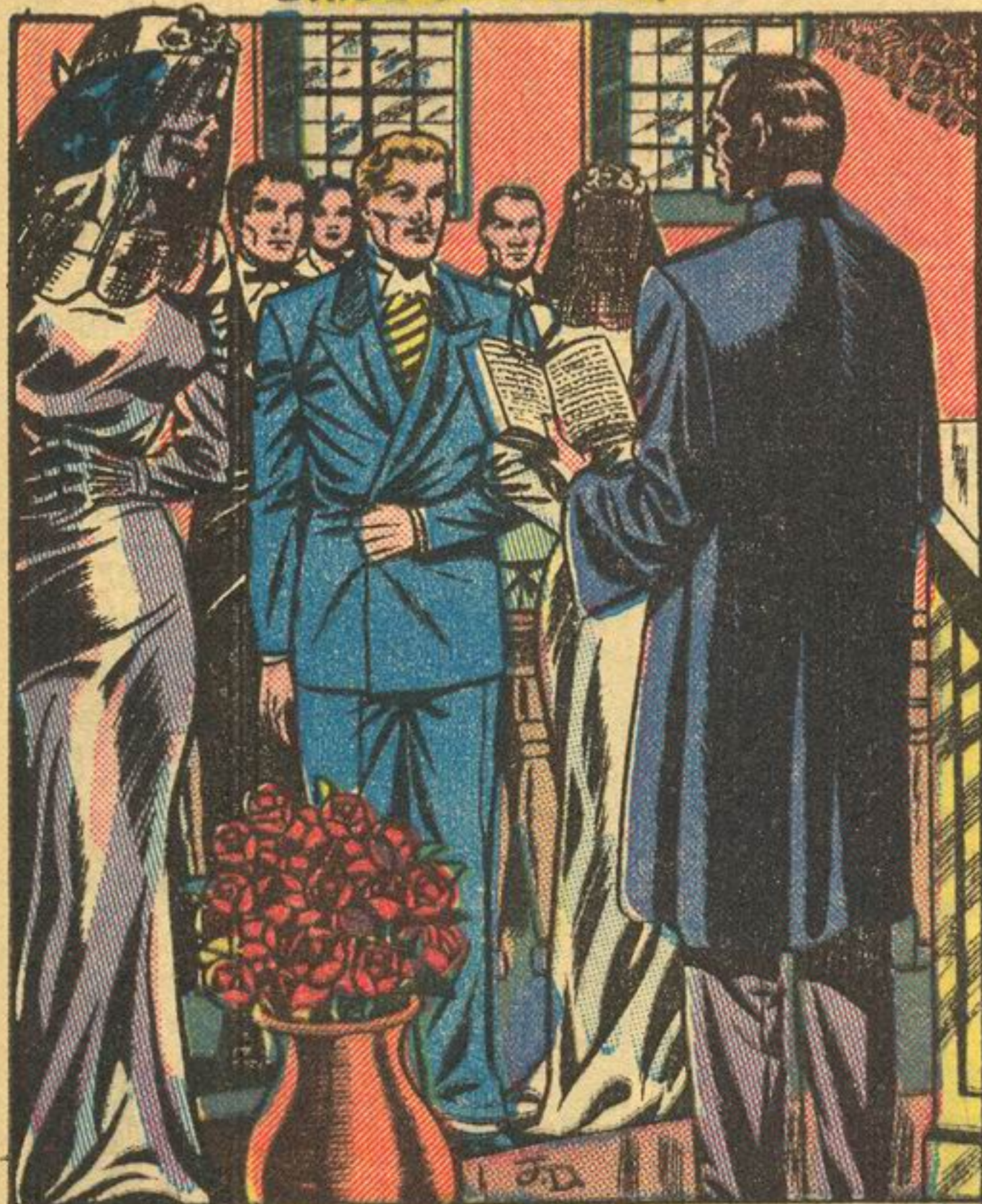
The face began to loom enormous. Shoulders attached themselves, a torso, hideously pointed legs...THE DEVIL! "You must die!" it said, with a voice dripping with doom. "Now!"

"Please," said Gregor desperately. "Just one request. Let me DRAW you, as you REALLY are!" The devil seemed pleased. A faint smile flickered about his ghastly lips. "All right," it said suddenly. "You have until dawn!"

When Rudolph Gregor's maid entered the room the next morning she found him slumped over his drawing board. "Merciful heavens!" she gasped, pulling the portrait of Satan from under the dead man's body. "This drawing...it's horrible!" Frightened, she quickly snatched up a match and lit fire to the corner. Then she flung the sheet into the fireplace, where she watched it curl into ashes under the dried human head which had come from Africa.

BRIDE of DOOM

IT WAS A BAFFLING CASE WHICH DETECTIVE JOE SIMMS WAS CALLED UPON TO SOLVE-- A SERIES OF STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES, ALL FOLLOWING SUDDEN WEDDINGS! BUT WHEN THE MYSTERY DEEPENED, AND SIMMS DISCOVERED HIS OWN BEST FRIEND INVOLVED, WHO COULD GUESS THAT HE WOULD FIND HIMSELF PURSUING A--
BRIDE OF DOOM?



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE...

JOE, YOU'VE BEEN ON THIS DISAPPEARANCE CASE FOR WEEKS-- WITHOUT TURNING UP A THING! AND NOW YOU WANT THE AFTER-NOON OFF!

DON'T RUB IT IN, CHIEF-- IT'S THE MOST MYSTIFYING DEAL I'VE EVER FACED! BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE BEST MAN AT MY PAL'S WEDDING IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN!



LATER...

I'M A LUCKY GUY, JOE, MEETING SOMEONE LIKE LORELEI! STRANGE GIRL, THOUGH-- THERE'S SOMETHING, WELL-- **UNEARTHLY** ABOUT HER! IMAGINE, SHE REFUSED TO HAVE **PICTURES** TAKEN AT THE WEDDING, AND SHE WON'T EVEN TELL ME THE PLACE SHE'S PICKED FOR THE HONEYMOON! ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S SOMEPLACE IN THE WILD COUNTRY AROUND LAKE GEORGE!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A BIT... ER, HASTY, BILL? AFTER ALL, NOBODY KNOWS A **THING** ABOUT THE GIRL! WHY, EVEN I HAVEN'T MET HER!

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! SHE'S SHY--**STRANGE**-- BUT YOU'LL GET TO KNOW HER FINE, AFTER WE GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!

AND SO, BY THE LAWS VESTED IN ME BY THIS STATE, I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU **MAN AND WIFE!**

FUNNY, I OUGHT TO BE **GLAD** ON THIS OCCASION, BUT I FIND MYSELF THINKING ABOUT THOSE **OTHER** WEDDINGS-- AND THE DISAPPEARANCES WHICH FOLLOWED! IF ONLY I COULD GET A **LEAD**, SOME **ANGLE**-- **ANYTHING!**



THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE YOUNG DETECTIVE CONTINUED HIS FRUITLESS INVESTIGATION...

I'VE COME TO SEE YOU, MISS FORSYTE, BECAUSE YOU KNEW HARRY CARTER VERY WELL! MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE ME SOME CLUE -- AS TO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

I... I DON'T KNOW! HARRY AND I WERE ENGAGED -- UNTIL THAT... THAT WITCH CAME ALONG! BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING!



"HARRY AND I HAD GONE TO A MASQUERADE BALL TOGETHER! TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, A STRANGER APPEARED AMONG US -- A STRANGER WHO MADE THE BOYS' HEADS SPIN!"

GOSH, LINDA, I HATE TO SAY IT -- BUT WHOEVER THAT GIRL IS, SHE'S TERRIFIC!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, BROTHER -- SHE'S FOR ME!



"BUT THE WOMAN IGNORED EVERYONE, AND CAME STRAIGHT UP TO -- HARRY!"

WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME?

WH -- WHY, SURE!



"HARRY SEEMED TO FALL UNDER A SORT OF -- SPELL! I SAW THEM GO OUT TO THE BALCONY..."

I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY ABOUT ANYONE BEFORE! YOUR LIPS -- I CAN'T RESIST THEM!

OHH!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ANY MORE -- I'VE HEARD THIS STORY HALF A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE! HARRY AND THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WERE MARRIED SOON AFTERWARDS, AND NEITHER OF THEM WERE EVER SEEN AGAIN! RIGHT?

Y -- YES!



I DON'T GET IT! EITHER I'M GOING OFF MY ROCKER, OR THERE'S THE MOST DIABOLICALLY EVIL FORCE I'VE EVER HEARD ABOUT AT WORK HERE! CAN'T YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THIS GIRL? DID SHE HAVE ANY STRANGE HABITS?

N -- NO -- BUT ONE THING STRUCK ME FUNNY FOR A BRIDE -- SHE REFUSED TO HAVE ANY PICTURES TAKEN AT THE WEDDING!



WHAT? YOU'RE SURE? GREAT SCOTT, IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHERE THEY'D GONE FOR THEIR HONEYMOON!

WELL... I DID HEAR HARRY SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOUNTAINS AROUND LAKE GEORGE!



HOURS
LATER...

LOOK HERE, MR. SIMMS,
I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE
A DETECTIVE! YOU'VE
GOT NO RIGHT TO RUSH ME OFF
IN YOUR CAR AND DRIVE ME TO
A CAMERA STORE! AND
WHERE ARE WE
GOING NOW?

YOU MAY AS
WELL START CALL-
ING ME JOE--
LINDA! WE'VE
GOT A LONG DRIVE
AHEAD OF US-- TO
LAKE GEORGE!
AS FOR THE CAMERA,
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHY
SOON ENOUGH!

LONG AFTER NIGHTFALL...

I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH,
LINDA-- WE'RE UP AGAINST AN
INCREDIBLY EVIL CREATURE!
AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT,
WE'LL FIND YOUR HARRY
AND MY PAL BILL
SOMEWHERE AROUND
HERE-- IF THEY'RE
STILL ALIVE!

OH, I HOPE
SO-- LOOK!
THAT... THAT
STRANGE
GLOW
AHEAD!

IN THE NEXT SECOND, FACING THE SIGHTLESS
EYES OF A THING FROM THE BEYOND--

GREAT
GUNS--
BILL!

NO, JOE-- HIS GHOST--
WARNING YOU TO GO BACK
--BEFORE IT'S
TO LATE!

THEN, DRIFTING OFF THROUGH THE SWIRLING MISTS...

IT-- IT'S HEADING
ACROSS THOSE
FIELDS! PLEASE,
JOE-- LET'S
GO BACK!

NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT
I'M UP AGAINST, I CAN'T
GO BACK! BUT I PROMISE
IF YOU KEEP UP YOUR NERVE,
NO HARM WILL COME TO
YOU! I'VE GOT A PLAN--
AND ALL WE'VE
GOT TO DO IS
FOLLOW!

AFTER A STEALTHY PURSUIT OF THE
GLOWING PHANTOM...

JOE, I'M SCARED!
THAT HOUSE--
IT'S SO
FORBIDDING!

YOU'LL BE
OKAY, HONEY--
JUST STICK BY
ME! WE'RE
GOING INTO
THAT PLACE!

INSIDE, WHERE DARKNESS CLINGS
LIKE A THREAT OF LIVING EVIL...

SHHH! I WANT TO HEAR WHAT
THAT CREEP HAS TO SAY, BEFORE
TAKING
A SNAP-
SHOT!
HEAR ME, MY FOL-
LOWERS! SATAN HIM-
SELF HAS ORDERED
ME TO RECRUIT MORE
VICTIMS FOR OUR GHASTLY
RANKS! BUT WAIT! I
FEEL A THREATENING
PRESENCE NEARBY-- A
PRESENCE NOT
ONE OF US!

YOU SURE
DO! AND
IT SPELLS
YOUR
DOOM!

INTRUDERS!
BRING THEM
TO ME!



AFTER A SHORT, FIERCE STRUGGLE, JOE AND LINDA WERE SUBDUED! THEN...

YOU FOOL! LEARNING MY SECRET WON'T HELP YOU-- BECAUSE YOU WON'T LIVE TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE! MY WORK IS NOT YET FINISHED-- FOR I NEED **MORE** VICTIMS TO CAST UNDER MY SPELL-- TO LURE HERE UNDER THE GUISE OF A HONEYMOON! YOU KNOW NOW THE FATE WHICH MET YOUR FRIEND, AND ALL THE OTHERS-- AT THE HANDS OF ONE OF SATAN'S DISCIPLES!

GLOAT NOW, YOU DEMON! YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT!

HA-HA! SO YOU'VE LEARNED THAT A DEMON CAN BE ANNIHILATED IF A **PERFECT LIKENESS** OF IT IS DESTROYED! YOU'VE TAKEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF ME, BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO-- WHEN YOU'LL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO DEVELOP IT!

DON'T LAUGH, MONSTER-- THE PICTURE IS **ALREADY** DEVELOPED!



B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT WITH THIS NEW **SELF-DEVELOPING** CAMERA, IT ISN'T! IT TAKES JUST ABOUT 60 SECONDS FOR THE PICTURE TO BE BROUGHT OUT! AND ALL THE TIME YOU WERE GLOATING, YOU WERE MAKING POSSIBLE **YOUR OWN DOOM!**

HERE IT IS-- **YOUR TRUE IMAGE!** NOT THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL OUR MORTAL EYES SEE, BUT THE **GRINNING DEATH MASK** YOU REALLY ARE! THE CAMERA NEVER LIES!

QUICK, SEIZE IT! NO HARM MUST COME TO IT!

NOT SO FAST, CREEPS! I'VE GOT **OTHER** PLANS FOR THAT PHOTO!

NO.. NO! HE THREW IT IN THE FLAMES! I FEEL IT CURLING ABOUT ME ALREADY! I...



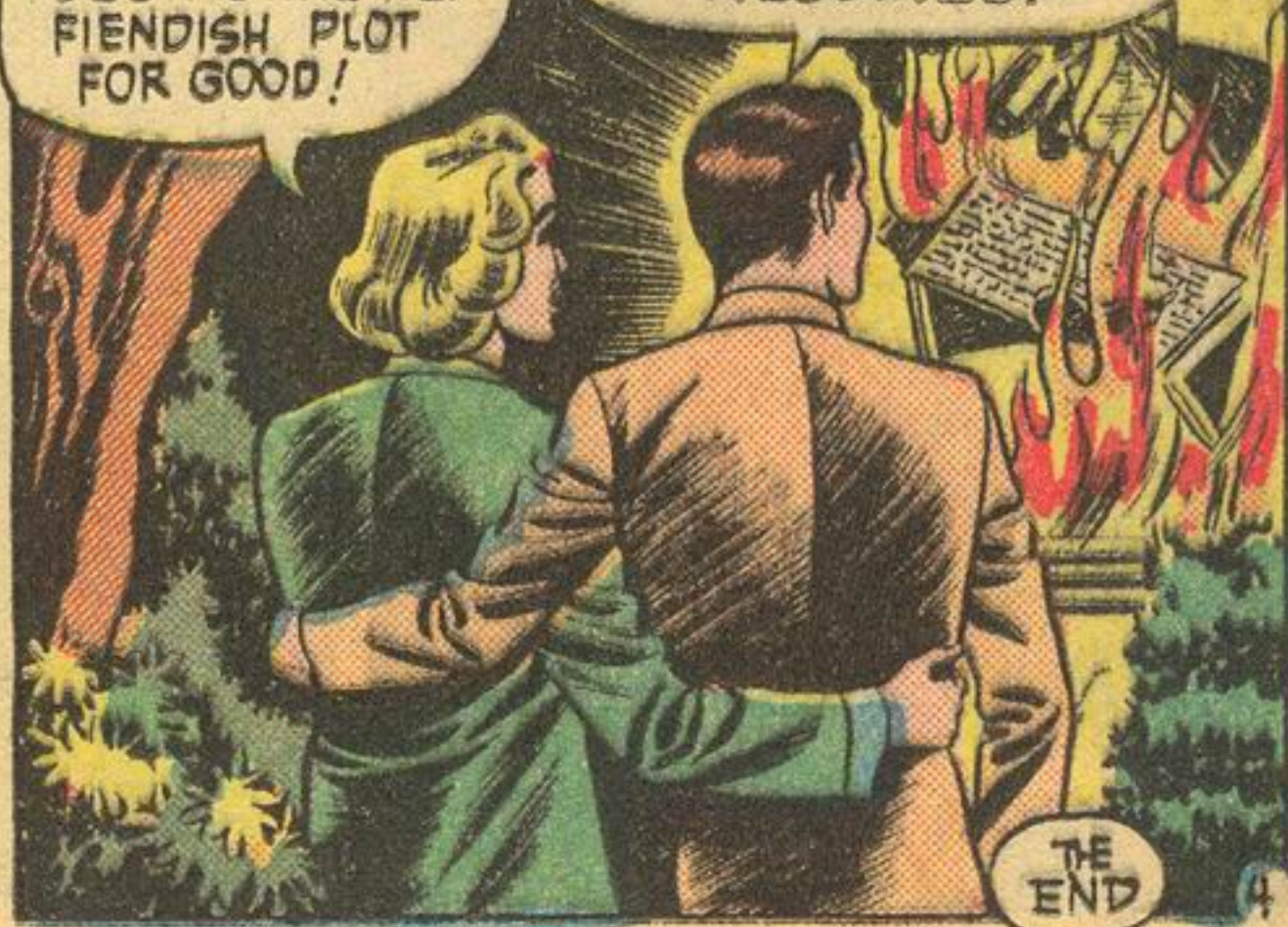
THEN, AS IF CONSUMED BY REMORSELESS TONGUES OF INVISIBLE FLAME...



MOMENTS LATER...

IT.. IT WAS HORRIBLE, JOE! THE WHOLE PLACE WENT UP IN FLAMES-- DESTROYING HER FIENDISH PLOT FOR GOOD!

YES, HONEY-- BUT WE CAN'T BRING BACK THE VICTIMS SHE CLAIMED DURING HER REIGN OF TERROR! BUT LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THAT! LET'S START THINKING ABOUT US-- AND HAPPIER WEDDINGS!



THE END



9th NEW...

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From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

HELLO, ALL YOU "Forbidden Worlds" fans! Our regular monthly meeting is now in session...so relax, and let's talk shop!

"Shop", in this case, means talk of that one great subject which interests and intrigues us all...the *Supernatural*! It means fascinating facts about ghosts, zombies, vampires, werewolves...indeed, all of the eerie denizens of that great, unknown realm which extends beyond the confines of known life itself. Well, we can't preface such talk with the words, "Met any good ghosts lately?" It just isn't done! Not in everyday life, where we confine our spectral experiences to the pages of just such a magazine as this. And it's just because reading furnishes your sole contact with the *Unknown* that our publication came into existence. "Forbidden Worlds" is designed to answer a great need...for a magazine that will bring the Supernatural into vibrant, thrilling life. It has attempted to do so through the medium of skilled and imaginative stories that provide spine-tingling entertainment...yet shun pure, reasonless terror for terror's sake alone.

"Dear Editor:-

Ever since I bought my first issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', I've stopped reading all other supernatural books on the market. I think yours is tops! I've got every issue you've published, and can't wait for the next!

--Andrew Romano, Newark, N. J."

"Dear Editor:-

I never used to like supernatural comics, but ever since I bought my first issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', I can hardly wait for each new number to appear. You've got a constant reader in me!

--Gerald W. Ungar, Nobel, Ont., Canada"

"Dear Editor:-

Your stories in 'Forbidden Worlds' are the best and most thrilling in the world. Particularly yarns like 'Way of The Werewolf', one of the most gripping I've ever read. 'Love of A Vampire' was also excellent...and I think there should be more stories like 'The Monster Doll'.

--Gary DeHope, Scranton, Pa."

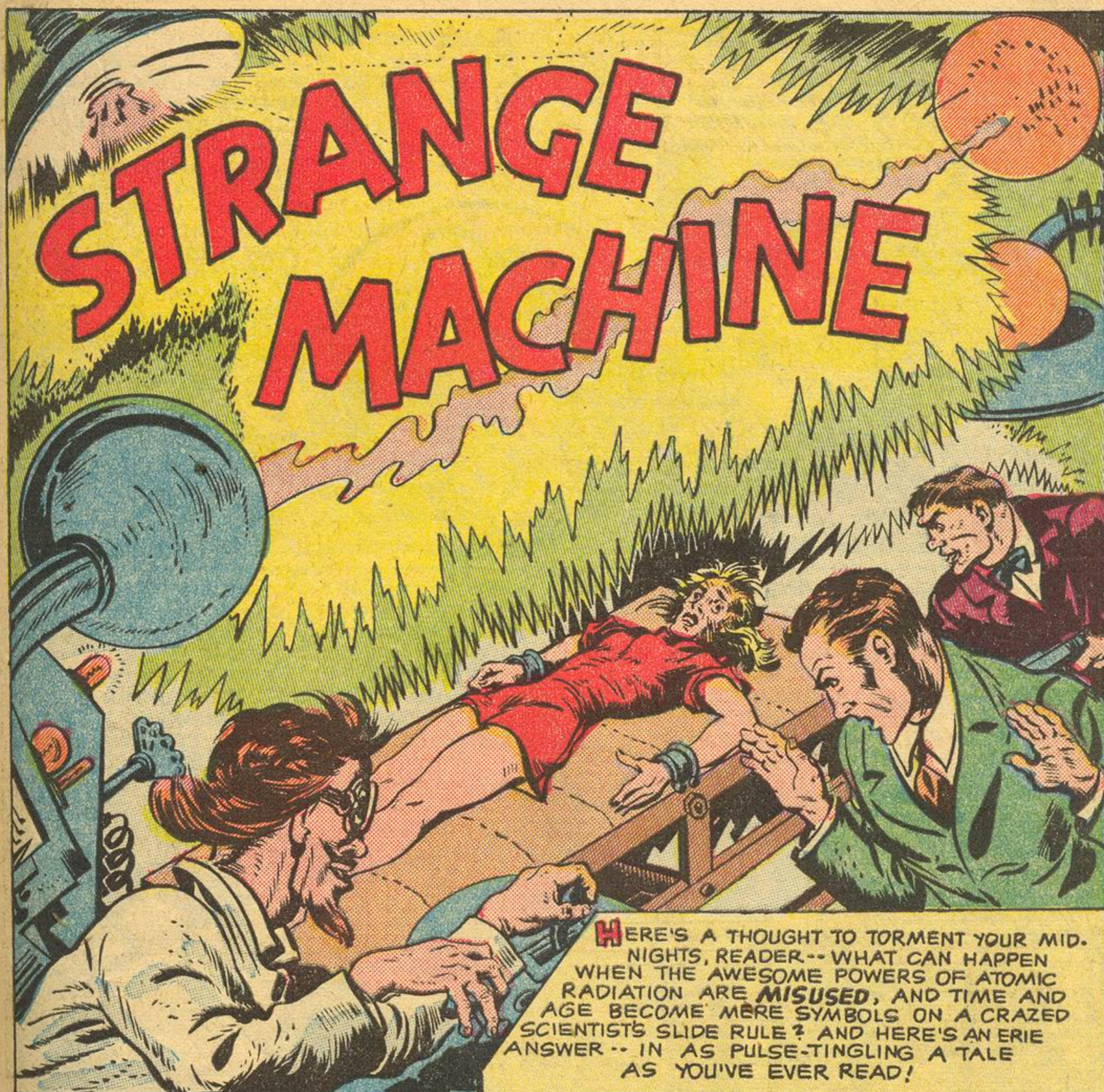
"Dear Editor:-

Three cheers for your superb magazine, 'Forbidden Worlds'! I never miss a copy...and this goes for all my friends, too!

--Bill Gordy, Evanston, Ill."

Our current issue provides an excellent example of just what we mean. It has been compiled with painstaking care...with an eye to providing the level best in story and art. We're confident that you'll like such thrilling adventures as "The Unknown Vampire"...one of the most intriguing chillers in months! "Bride of Doom" is a tense, gasp-laden plot, and should rate high on your list of preference. Then there's "Strange Machine", a pulsing tale of eerie mystery that will leave you spell-bound. Rounding out the issue is "The Curse of Rada"...all yours for thrilling reading!

We want you to feel that "Forbidden Worlds" is *your* magazine...because your tastes and preferences loom large in shaping its contents. But you've got to make those tastes and preferences *known*! Write to us, please, telling us what feature you liked best in this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues! Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Meanwhile, let's open our mail-bag, and see what some of our other readers are saying!



HERE'S A THOUGHT TO TORMENT YOUR MID-NIGHTS, READER-- WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN THE AWESOME POWERS OF ATOMIC RADIATION ARE **MISUSED**, AND TIME AND AGE BECOME MERE SYMBOLS ON A CRAZED SCIENTIST'S SLIDE RULE? AND HERE'S AN ERIE ANSWER -- IN AS PULSE-TINGLING A TALE AS YOU'VE EVER READ!

IN THE DEATH ROW AT SING SING PRISON, WHERE A CON-DEMNED MURDERER IS WALKING HIS LAST MILE--

SO YOU'VE COME FOR A LAST LAUGH, EH, MALONE?

NO, VORTIX-- LISTEN TO ME! I CAN STILL SAVE YOU FROM THE CHAIR-- IF YOU'LL TALK!



TELL US YOUR ACCOM-Plices! THERE'S STILL TIME FOR THE GOVERNOR TO INTER-CEDE!

ALL I'LL SAY IS THIS, RAT -- I'D GO THROUGH EVERYTHING AGAIN, IF I COULD PUT A COUPLE OF SLUGS IN YOUR BELLY!



AND SO, DEFIANT TO THE LAST, A MAD-DOG KILLER PAID THE ULTIMATE PENALTY!



THE NEXT DAY-- AT COMMISSIONER SLOAN'S OFFICE--

SORRY, CHIEF, BUT VORTIX WOULDN'T TALK-- RIGHT TO THE END!

FORGET THAT CASE! I'VE GOT **ANOTHER** ONE FOR YOU -- **TOUGHER**, AND VERY... **STRANGE!**



LOOK AT THESE PHOTOS-- THEY'VE BEEN SENT ALONG BY THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU!

"AS YOU SEE, EACH OF THESE GIRLS IS **BEAUTIFUL**-- AND EACH HAS **DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE!** BUT HERE'S THE WEIRD THING: IN EACH CASE, SHORTLY AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE, THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES WERE VISITED BY ODD OLD LADIES-- **VERY ODD!** TAKE THAT **RED-HEAD GIRL**, FOR EXAMPLE..."



"SOON AFTER SHE VANISHED, HER FRANTIC FAMILY HAD A DODDERING OLD CRONE AS A VISITOR, WHO PLEADED..."

M-MOTHER... DAD... DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME... YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER?

I'D BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE, SIR-- THE OLD LADY IS OBVIOUSLY **INSANE!**



AND YOU SAY THERE'VE BEEN VISITS FROM THESE HAGS TO **OTHER** FAMILIES WHERE DISAPPEARANCES HAVE OCCURRED? THEN WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS IS ALL A **COINCIDENCE?**

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL CLAIM THERE'S SOME **DIABOLICAL** POWER AT WORK-- TURNING BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS INTO HAGS OVERNIGHT? WAKE UP, ED-- THIS IS A POLICE FORCE! I EXPECT MY FUTURE SON-IN-LAW TO REMEMBER THAT!



OH, ED, DARLING-- I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING! YOU PROMISED **NOT** TO TAKE ANY MORE OF THESE DANGEROUS CASES UNTIL AFTER WE'RE MARRIED! AND, DAD, YOU PROMISED NOT TO GIVE HIM ANY!

SORRY, MOLLY, BUT THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT! BUT DON'T WORRY-- THESE DISAPPEARANCES WILL PROBABLY TURN OUT TO BE ROUTINE MATTERS!



ARE... ARE THESE THE GIRLS THAT ARE MISSING? OH, HOW **AWFUL!** I HAVE A... A **FEELING...** A **PREMONITION** THAT SOME GHASTLY FATE MET THEM! AND IT'S ALMOST AS IF THAT FATE WERE WAITING-- **FOR US!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS --

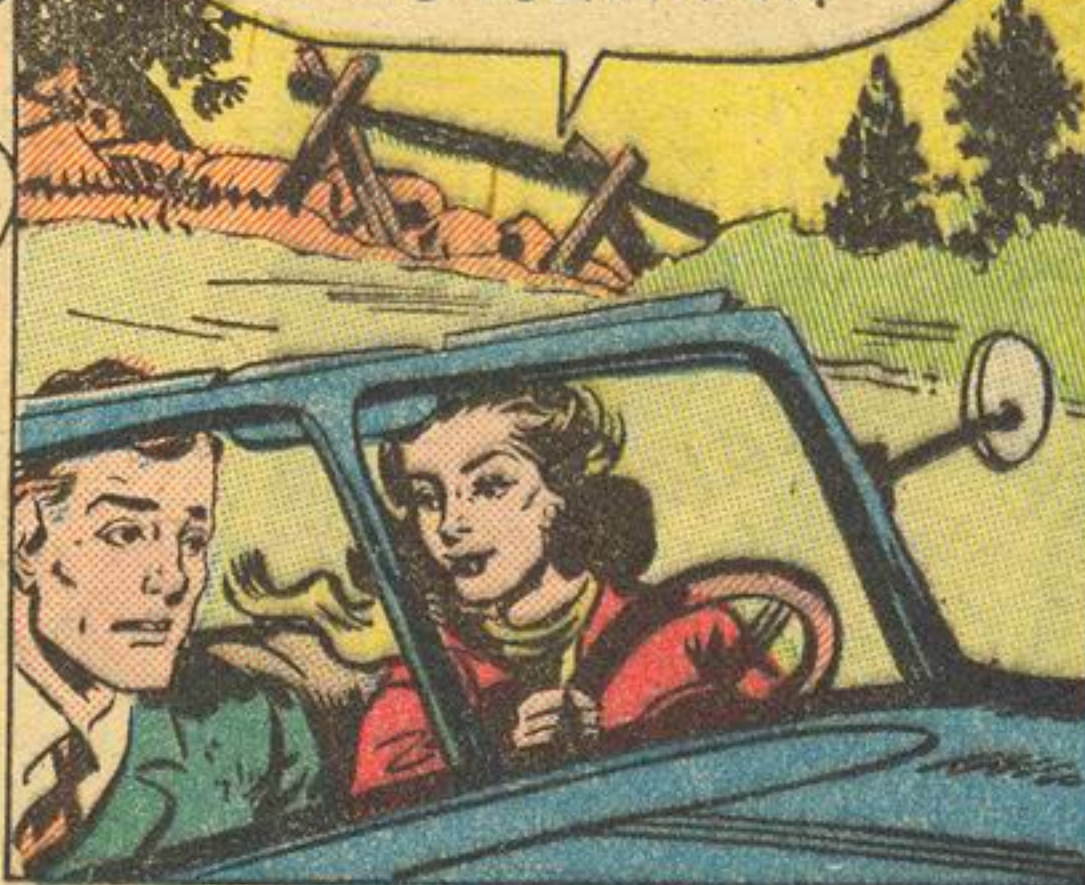
SEE HERE, MOLLY -- YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A KID! I TELL YOU THERE'S NO SPECIAL DANGER IN MY DRIVING TO SEE THIS DR. BRANN!

BUT I KNOW THERE IS! I HEARD DAD SAY THAT AN OLD WOMAN WAS RUN DOWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF ONE OF THOSE KIDNAPPING VICTIMS -- AND THAT THE DRIVER OF THE CAR WAS DR. BRANN, THE BRILLIANT DOCTOR WHO'D BEEN DISBARRED FOR LIFE BECAUSE OF UNETHICAL RESEARCH! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING WITH YOU!



LATER --

STOP FRETTING, ED, DARLING -- DR. BRANN'S PLACE IS NEAR OUR COUNTRY ESTATE! I TOLD DAD TO MEET US THERE SO WE CAN SPEND A PLEASANT WEEKEND AFTER YOU'VE SPOKEN TO YOUR MAN!



SUDDENLY, AS THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION --

WH -- WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING -- WHY ARE YOU HIDING YOUR FACE?

KEEP DRIVING! THAT MAN AT THE GATE -- THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE WAS BEING TAKEN OUT OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, DEAD!

A SHORT DISTANCE BEYOND --

THAT WAS JOE VORTIX, THE MAD-DOG KILLER! THERE'S SOMETHING DIABOLICALLY EVIL GOING ON AROUND HERE, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, ALONE! YOU WAIT HERE!

OH, ALL RIGHT! BUT HERE, TAKE THIS -- IT'S MY LUCKY HORSESHOE MAGNET!

STEALTHILY, MALONE INCHED OVER THE WALLS OF THE FORBIDDING ESTATE, THRU DARKENED BY-PATHS, TOWARDS THE BLEAK MANSION ETCHED AGAINST THE SKY, INTO THE STRUCTURE ITSELF! AND THERE -- AN ASTOUNDING SCENE!

JUST ONE FLIP OF THE SWITCH, MY LOVELY ONE, AND YOU'LL BE CHANGED -- CHANGED TO STUMBLING CHILDHOOD!

YE GODS! WHAT'S HE UP TO WITH THAT GIRL?



SUDDENLY, THE CRACKLING OF IMMENSE ELECTRICAL CHARGES, AND THE ROAR OF STUPENDOUS ENERGIES --

WRONG, CURSE IT! WRONG AGAIN!

GREAT SCOTT -- THAT BURST OF RADIATION, WHY, HE! HE'S USING ATOMIC ENERGY!



AND THAT LOVELY GIRL -- SHE'S WITHERING BEFORE MY EYES -- BECOMING AN OLD CRONE!

OKAY, SUCKER, GET 'EM UP, QUICK!



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO'S THAT?

A SNOOPER, DOC! ED MALONE-- THE DICK THAT SENT ME TO THE CHAIR! WHAT LUCK FOR ME!

YOU ALMOST KILLED HIM, YOU IDIOT! SOMETIMES I REGRET HAVING RESTORED YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE WITH MY MACHINE! DON'T FORGET THAT I CAN SNUFF IT OUT LIKE A CANDLE!

OKAY, DOC-- TAKE IT EASY I FIGURED YOU'D WANT HIM RUBBED OUT!

HE'LL DIE SOON ENOUGH, BUT FIRST WE CAN USE HIM FOR ANOTHER EXPERIMENT! PERHAPS I'VE BEEN WRONG TO USE ONLY YOUNG WOMEN IN PROBING THE SECRETS OF ETERNAL YOUTH! HE LOOKS LIKE A HEALTHY SPECIMEN-- AND WE DON'T RUN THE RISK OF FURTHER KIDNAPPINGS!



AS THE IMMENSE FORCES OF URANIUM FISSION WERE UNLEASHED, SCORCHING THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE HELPLESS VICTIM--

GIVE HIM A LITTLE MORE JUICE, DOC-- THIS IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE HOT SEAT!

QUIET, FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE FAILED? BLAST IT-- I'LL NEED MORE HUMAN GUINEA PIGS!

FAILED? WODDEYA MEAN, BOSS? YOU PUSHED HIM TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE, DIDN'T YA? ONE SLUG IN HIS HEAD AND HE'LL BE FINISHED OFF!

YOU IDIOT! CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RESTORE YOUTH?

IN THIS MACHINE IS HARNESSSED THE STUPENDOUS FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE-- IF ONLY I CAN FIND THE PROPER BALANCE OF FORCES!

THAT'S WHY I NEED MORE VICTIMS-- TILL I FIND THE RIGHT COMBINATION!



AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE FIEND'S UNHOLY PRAYERS--

HOLY MACKEREL-- A DAME! JUST WHEN WE NEEDED HER!

IT...IT'S MOLLY! SHE'S WALKED RIGHT INTO THEIR HANDS!

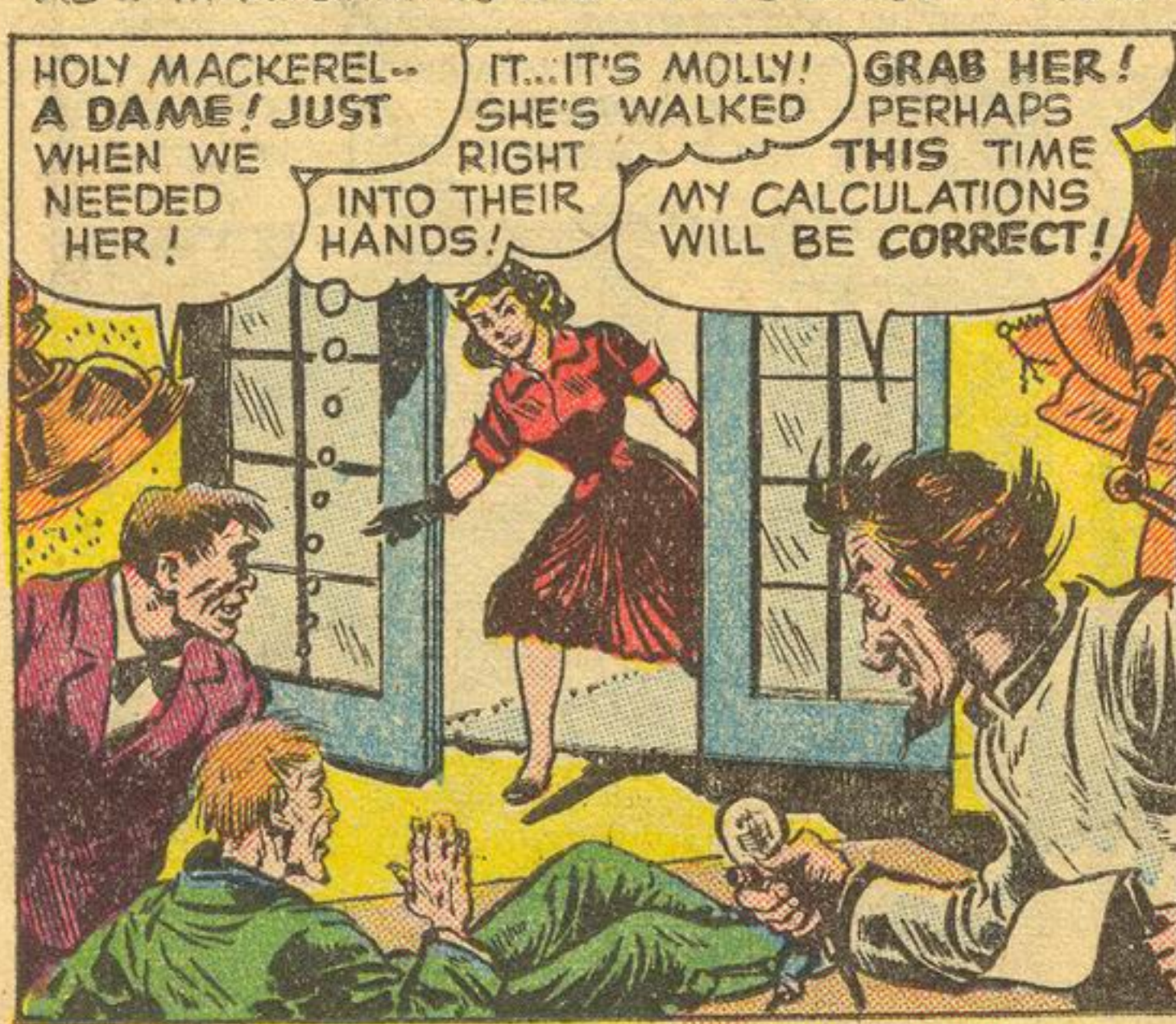
GRAB HER! PERHAPS THIS TIME MY CALCULATIONS WILL BE CORRECT!

MOMENTS LATER--

NOW TO TURN ON THE CURRENT-- WHICH WILL TURN THIS WOMAN INTO A CHILD!

STOP, YOU FIENDS! DON'T TOUCH ME-- DON'T!

S-STRENGTH... IF I ONLY HAD THE STRENGTH TO DO SOMETHING!



AS THE GREAT CHARGES CRACKLED THROUGH THE ELECTRICAL COILS--

STAND BACK, MALONE-- I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT!

WRONG! WRONG! SHE'S TURNING OLD!

BLAST IT! I ALMOST HAD IT **RIGHT** THAT TIME! I'LL JUST READJUST THE MECHANISM AND TRY AGAIN-- BUT IF I'M **WRONG**-- IT WILL MEAN THE OLD HAG'S DEATH

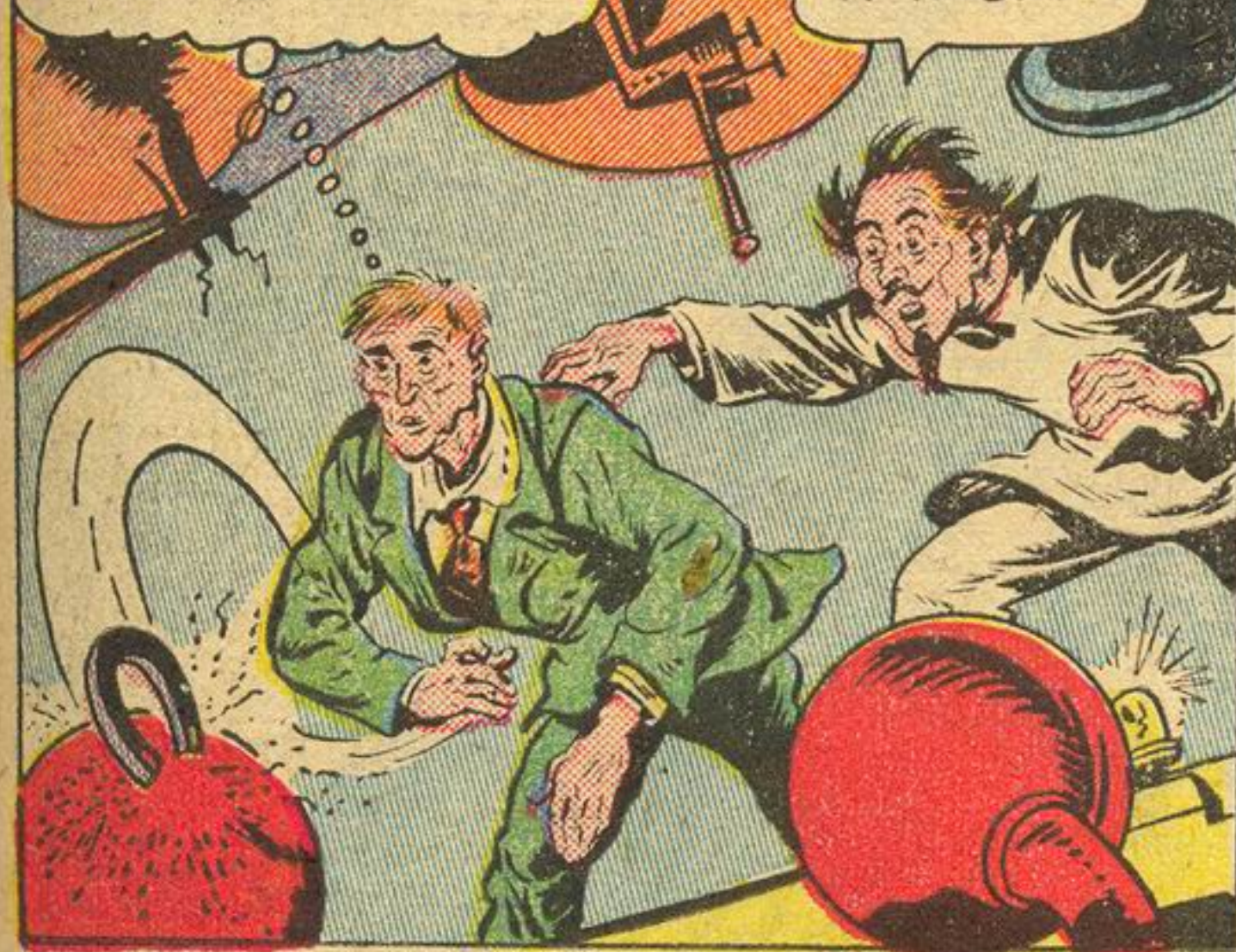
HER DEATH? SO WHAT? SHE'S JUST AN OLD CRONE ANYHOW!

NO, I **MUST** STOP THEM! BUT HOW? I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO... AH, I'VE GOT IT! THAT HORSESHOE MOLLY GAVE ME!



IT'S HEAVY ENOUGH TO SMASH THOSE REFLECTORS... STOP THEM FROM USING THE MACHINE!

STOP, YOU FOOL! IF THAT THING IS **MAGNETIC**, IT MIGHT--



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

BOOM!



THEN, UNBELIEVABLY, WHEN THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED--

BOO-HOO! I WANT MY DADDY!

WHAT TH--! HOW'D **SHE** GET HERE? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **OLD** DAME?

QUIET, YOU IMBECILE-- THAT OLD FOOL'S BLUNDERING HAS SET ME ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

I WANT MY DADDY! I WANT MY DADDY!



OF COUSE, SETTING UP THAT **MAGNETIC FIELD** DID THE TRICK! IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO DRAW UP THE NEW CALCULATIONS! MEANWHILE, I'LL LOCK UP THE KID AND THE OLD MAN!



IT WAS A GROTESQUE CONFINEMENT-- A FRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL, AND A DESPERATE OLD MAN--

YOU LEAVE ME ALONE! I WANT MY DADDY!

POOR LITTLE MOLLY! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP HER-- OR MYSELF!



A MOMENT LATER--

HIYA, MALONE-- I JUST DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT! YOU, ME, AND THE KID ARE GONNA HAVE SOME **FUN**-- FIRST YOU CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING ME POLISH HER OFF!



OH-OH, WHERE'D THAT BRAT GO...?

STEADY NOW-- I'VE GOT TO DO THIS RIGHT THE **FIRST** TIME!



OH, SO THERE YOU ARE! OKAY, KID, C'MON OUT-- HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

NOT UNTIL YOU GET YOURS, RAT!



MOMENTS LATER, WITH THE FIENDISH KILLER STILL STUNNED--

DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MOLLY? GO STRAIGHT TO THAT WALL AND CLIMB OVER, THEN TO THE NEAREST HOUSE AND ASK THE PEOPLE TO PHONE YOUR DADDY! CAN YOU DO THAT?

I... I THINK SO, MISTER! G'BYE!



THANK HEAVENS-- SHE'S MADE IT OVER THE WALL! SHE'D BETTER GET HELP BECAUSE WHEN THAT OX COMES TO HIS SENSES HE'LL START USING ME FOR A HANDBALL!



MEANWHILE, AT COMMISSIONER SLOAN'S COUNTRY HOME--

STOP WORRYING, CHIEF-- MOLLY'S IN PRETTY SAFE HANDS WHEN SHE'S OUT WITH ED MALONE!

I KNOW IT! THAT'S WHY I KNOW SOMETHING'S **WRONG-- TERRIBLY WRONG!** THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE HOURS AGO!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT PICTURE OF MOLLY WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER, I'D GO NUTS -- AND YET I'VE GOT AN UNCANNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING HAS!

A MOMENT LATER--

GREAT SCOTT! IT--IT'S **NOT POSSIBLE! THAT'S MOLLY!**

DADDY! DADDY!

SORRY, CHIEF-- BUT THIS KID CAME BUSTING THROUGH THE DOOR! CLAIMS SHE'S YOUR...



WELL, DON'T STARE AT ME AS IF I'M NUTS-- I TELL YOU THIS IS MY DAUGHTER MOLLY AS SHE WAS AT EIGHT YEARS OLD! GET THE RIOT SQUAD OUT HERE IMMEDIATELY! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO AFTER I FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED!



MEANWHILE--

IT'S YOUR FAULT, VORTIX! YOU LET THAT BRAT ESCAPE! AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, BEFORE THE COPS COME BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS!

OKAY, DOC-- BUT FIRST I'M GONNA LET MALONE HAVE IT-- **RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!**



SUDDENLY--

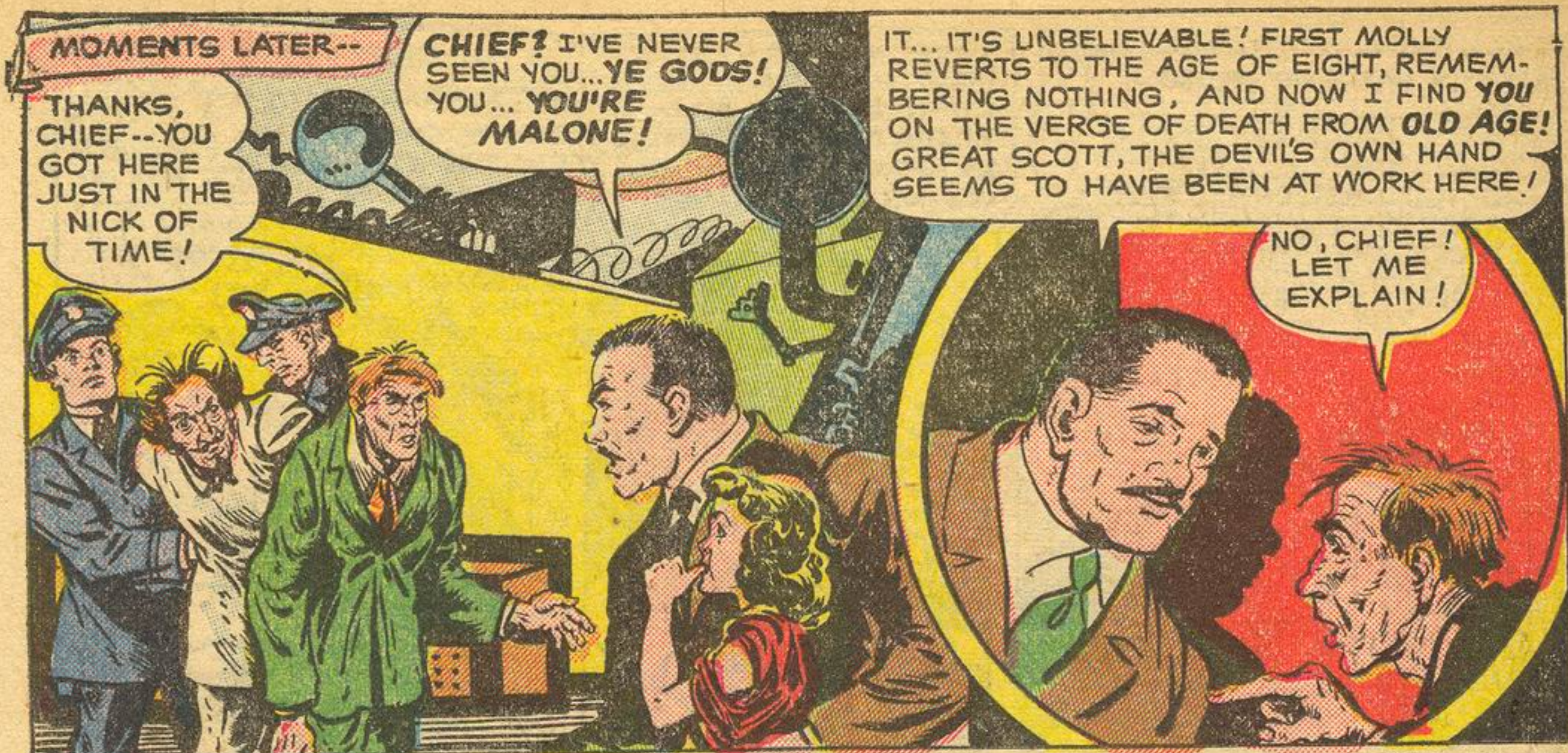
AGHHHHHH!

BANG!



GRAB THE DOCTOR, MEN--AND UNTIE THIS OLD GAFFER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MALONE!





MOMENTS LATER--

THANKS, CHIEF--YOU GOT HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

CHIEF? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU...YE GODS! YOU... YOU'RE MALONE!

IT... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! FIRST MOLLY REVERTS TO THE AGE OF EIGHT, REMEMBERING NOTHING, AND NOW I FIND YOU ON THE VERGE OF DEATH FROM OLD AGE! GREAT SCOTT, THE DEVIL'S OWN HAND SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN AT WORK HERE!

NO, CHIEF! LET ME EXPLAIN!

AFTER THE INCREDIBLE STORY WAS GASPED OUT BY THE ENFEEBLED MALONE--

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL, CHIEF! I'M DOOMED UNLESS THAT MONSTER BRANN CAN HELP ME! AS FOR MOLLY, SHE'LL REMAIN A CHILD!

LISTEN TO ME, RAT-- THAT HORSESHOE MAGNET I THREW ... IT **REVERSED** THE FISSION PROCESS, DIDN'T IT?

I'M NOT TALKING, FOOL-- AND WITHOUT MY HELP YOU'LL SOON DIE OF OLD AGE!

NOW LISTEN-- TO ME, BRANN! EITHER YOU GET MALONE BACK TO HIS NORMAL AGE OR I'LL PUT YOU IN SOLITARY AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

AND FIRST I'D HAVE THE BOYS GIVE YOU A GOING OVER--**ROUGH!**

B-BUT YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DANGERS!



WHAT DANGERS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

HE'S RIGHT, CHIEF-- I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE, BECAUSE IF I DON'T EXPOSE MYSELF TO THE RAYS OF THAT MACHINE I'LL DIE ANYHOW! BUT MOLLY-- WELL, IN TRYING TO GET HER BACK TO HER NORMAL AGE IT'S POSSIBLE TO OVERSHOOT THE MARK-- **MAKING HER AN OLD HAG LIKE THE OTHERS!** SO THE CHOICE IS UP TO YOU-- EITHER YOU LET HER REMAIN A KID, OR RUN THE TERRIBLE RISK OF MAKING HER A CRONE!

THE MINUTES PASSED SLOWLY, AS THE COMMISSIONER GRAPPLED WITH A SOUL-SEARING DECISION!

IF I DO NOTHING, SHE'LL **REMAIN A KID**, AND HAVE THAT MANY MORE YEARS OF LIFE! THE OTHER WAY, WHO KNOWS **WHAT** CAN HAPPEN? BUT, SHE AND MALONE SHARED A GREAT LOVE... I KNOW SHE'D WANT TO RECAPTURE THAT... WOULD BE WILLING TO UNDERGO ANY DANGER! BUT ON THE OTHER HAND...



FINALLY, WITH THE DECISION MADE--

OKAY, RAT --
YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT!
AND YOU'D BETTER **SUCCEED**
IN RESTORING THEM--**BOTH!**
IF THERE ARE ANY SLIPS
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET A SLUG
RIGHT IN THE
HEAD!

B-BUT I CAN'T
GUARANTEE
SUCCESS!

START FIXING THAT
MACHINE, BRANN-- AND
REMEMBER-- **THIS TIME**
YOUR CALCULATIONS
BETTER BE RIGHT!

MINUTE BY MINUTE, THE TENSION IN
THE LABORATORY MOUNTED TO A
FEVER PITCH! AT LAST, WITH THE
INFINITELY COMPLICATED EQUIP-
MENT ADJUSTED--

OKAY... I...
I'M READY!
PUT THE KID
DOWN ON THE
TABLE!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS--I'VE
GOT TO BE DOING THE
RIGHT THING! IF ANY-
THING HAPPENS TO HER
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE
MYSELF--
NEVER!

AGAIN, THE ANGRY HUMMING OF IMMENSE
FORCES THROUGH A MULTITUDE OF COILS--
THE FIERCE CRACKLING OF BILLIONS OF ATOMS!
AND THEN-- **THE FATEFUL MOMENT--**

AND WHEN THE ACRID CLOUD CLEARED--**DELIVERANCE!**

OKAY, COMMISSIONER,
THERE THEY ARE, **SAFE**
AND SOUND!

WH-WHERE AM I? GOSH, I
FEEL SO
STRANGE!

BUT THEY'RE
THE LAST WHO'LL BENEFIT
FROM MY MACHINE,
BECAUSE I'M
DESTROYING
IT!

YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT NOW,
DAUGHTER,
THANK
HEAVENS!

CRASH!

SUDDENLY, AS AN ALERT GUARD SPRINGS FORWARD--

NOT SO FAST,
DOC! WE MAY
NEED THAT
MACHINE!

GOOD WORK--WE'LL
NEED IT TO TURN HIS
OTHER VICTIMS BACK
TO THEIR NORMAL
AGES-- AND THEN
HE'S GOING TO PAY
THE **FULL PENALTY**
FOR HIS CRIMES!

OH, ED, DARLING-- I
REMEMBER EVERY-
THING NOW! IT'S
BEEN LIKE A
HORRIBLE NIGHT-
MARE!

FORGET ABOUT
IT, DEAREST--
OUR LIVES
ARE IN THE
FUTURE--
TOGETHER!

YES, DARLING
-- AND I'LL
BE FACING IT
WITH THE MOST
MARVELOUS
INVENTION OF
ALL-- **YOU!**

The
END

The CURSE of RADA!

THIS IS THE PULSE-THROBBING STORY OF A SACRED IDOL, OF VODOO MAGIC AND A MAN WHO STOLE FROM THE DEAD! FOR ONE TERRIFYING NIGHT, AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR HELD SWAY...WHILE THE OMINOUS BEAT OF NATIVE DRUMS ECHOED INTO THE JUNGLES...CALLING FOR REVENGE, AND FOR... **THE CURSE OF RADA!**



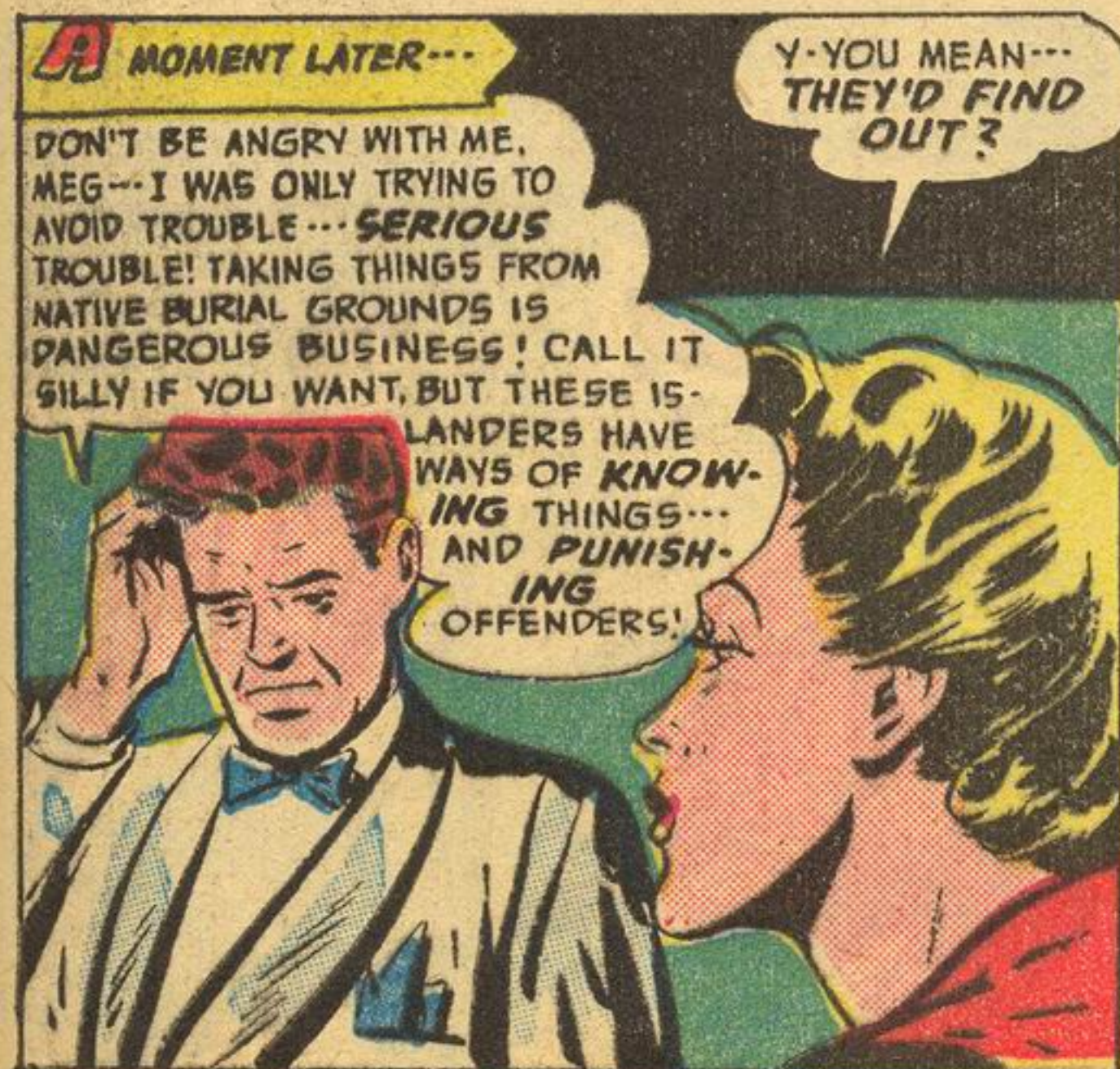
IN A NATIVE CEMETERY ON THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA...

HA! I **KNEW** THIS CEMETERY WOULD PROVIDE WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR...A **PERFECT** EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT NATIVE WOOD CARVING!



I CERTAINLY WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING A GOOD PRICE FOR **THIS** BACK IN THE STATES! A MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE PERFECT **FOOL** TO ALLOW SUCH A VALUABLE OBJECT TO ROT IN A NATIVE CEMETERY... AND **PAUL ANDREWS** IS NO FOOL!





MEANWHILE...
IN A NATIVE CEREMONIAL HUT...

TRIOUBLED SPIRIT IN THE FLAME,
STATE YOUR CAUSE IN RADA'S NAME!

THEN, FROM THE SWIRLING MISTS THAT
WRITHE SERPENT-LIKE IN THE GLOOM...

HEAR ME, **EVIL** HAS BEEN DONE! THE **LIVING**
HAVE STOLEN FROM THE **DEAD**...AND NOW,
THE SPIRIT OF RADA WILL NOT REST TILL
WHAT WAS TAKEN IS **RETURNED**!

SO BE IT... O SPOKESMAN
OF THE GODS! YOUR COMMANDS
SHALL BE OBEYED! I SWEAR IT
... **BY THE POWER OF
RADA!**

THEN GO...
THE **EVIL**
OFFENDER IS
NOT FAR OFF! NOW
I VANISH... THE
GODS HAVE
SPOKEN!

SOON THE NIGHT AIR VIBRATED WITH
THE CHANT OF NATIVE VOICES! TORCHES
FLICKERED AND NAKED FEET SHUFFLED
OMINOUSLY TOWARD THE NEARBY PLANTATION...

CARL... THOSE
NATIVES...
THEY'RE
COMING
HERE!

I'LL TRY STALLING
THEM, HONEY... BUT I
HAVEN'T MUCH HOPES!
IT'S UNCANNY, BUT THEY
KNOW THAT THE
STATUETTE IS HERE
...JUST AS YOU AND
I DO!

MOMENTS LATER...AS CARL
PREPARED TO DEFEND HIS HOME...

WAIT! OUR QUARREL IS NOT WITH
YOU... BUT WITH THE ONE WHO
STOLE FROM OUR DEAD?
THE MAGIC OF **RADA** HAS TOLD
US WHO THE **EVIL** ONE IS...
AND WE HAVE COME FOR
WHAT IS **OURS!**

SUDDENLY...

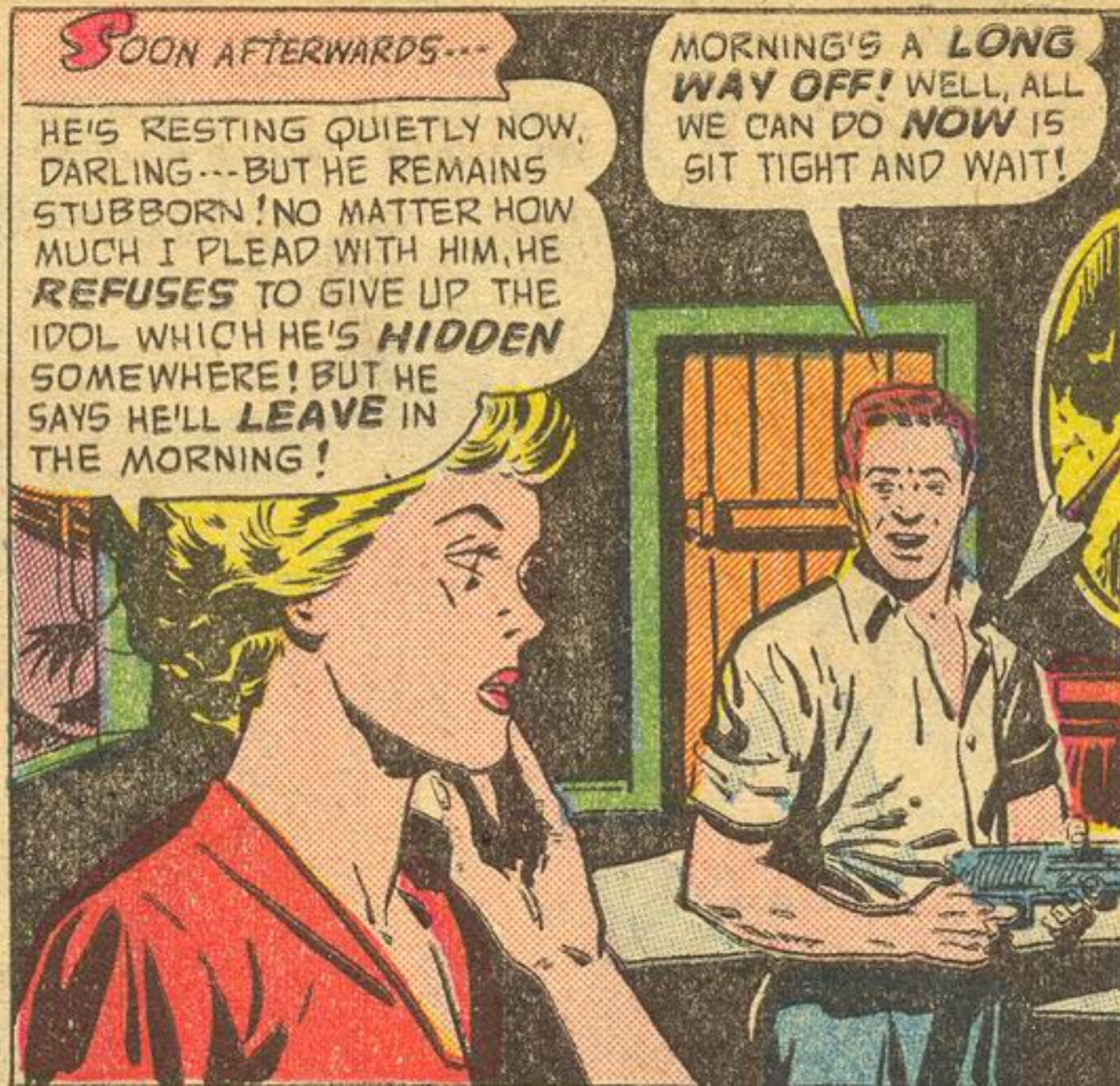
WELL, TURN BACK... BECAUSE
NOW THAT STATUE IS **MINE!**
IF YOU FILTHY BEGGARS CAN'T
UNDERSTAND THAT, **HERE'S**
SOMETHING
YOU
WILL!

PAUL, YOU
FOOL... PUT
AWAY THAT
GUN!

I'LL BLAST
EVERY...
UGH!

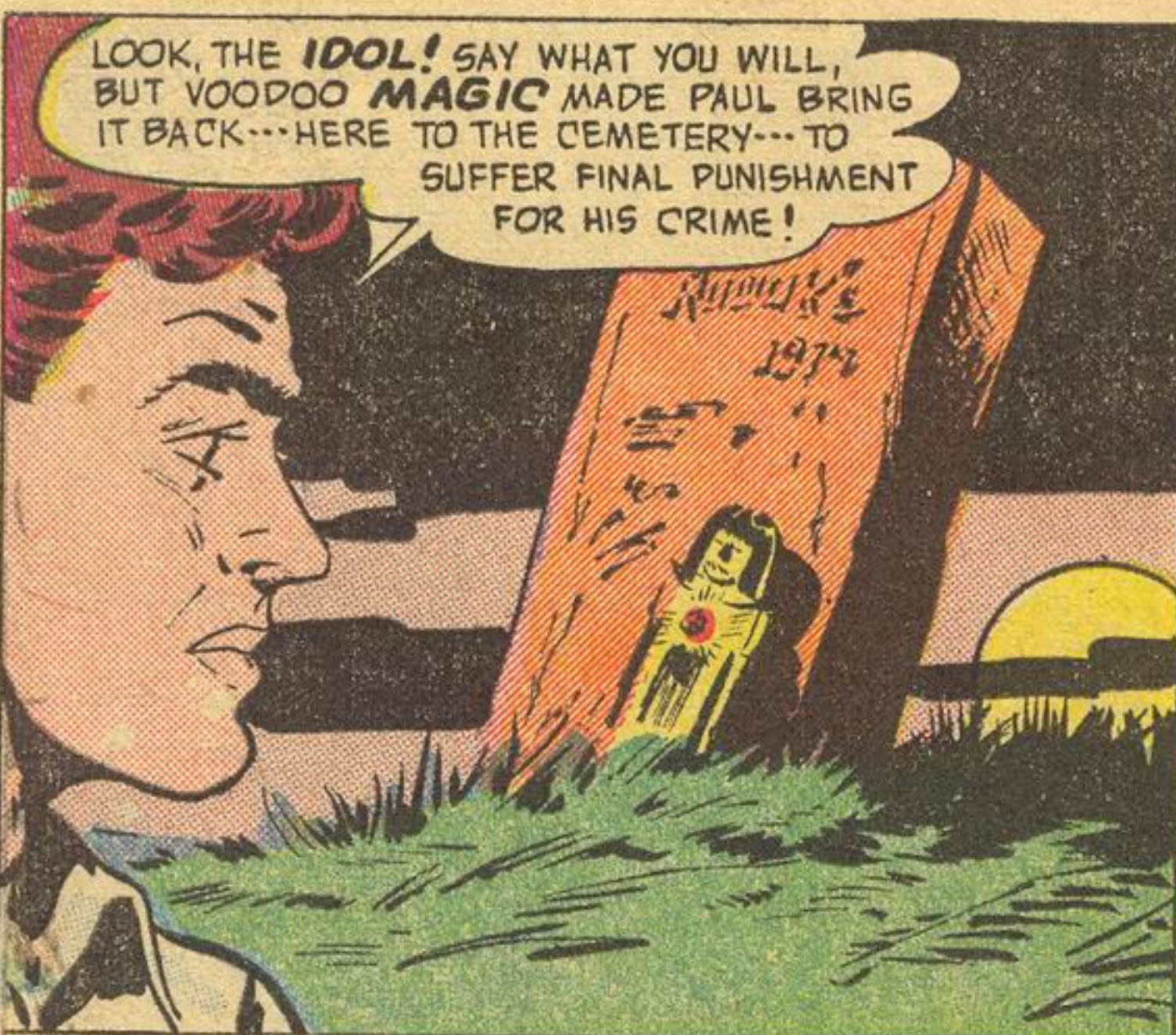
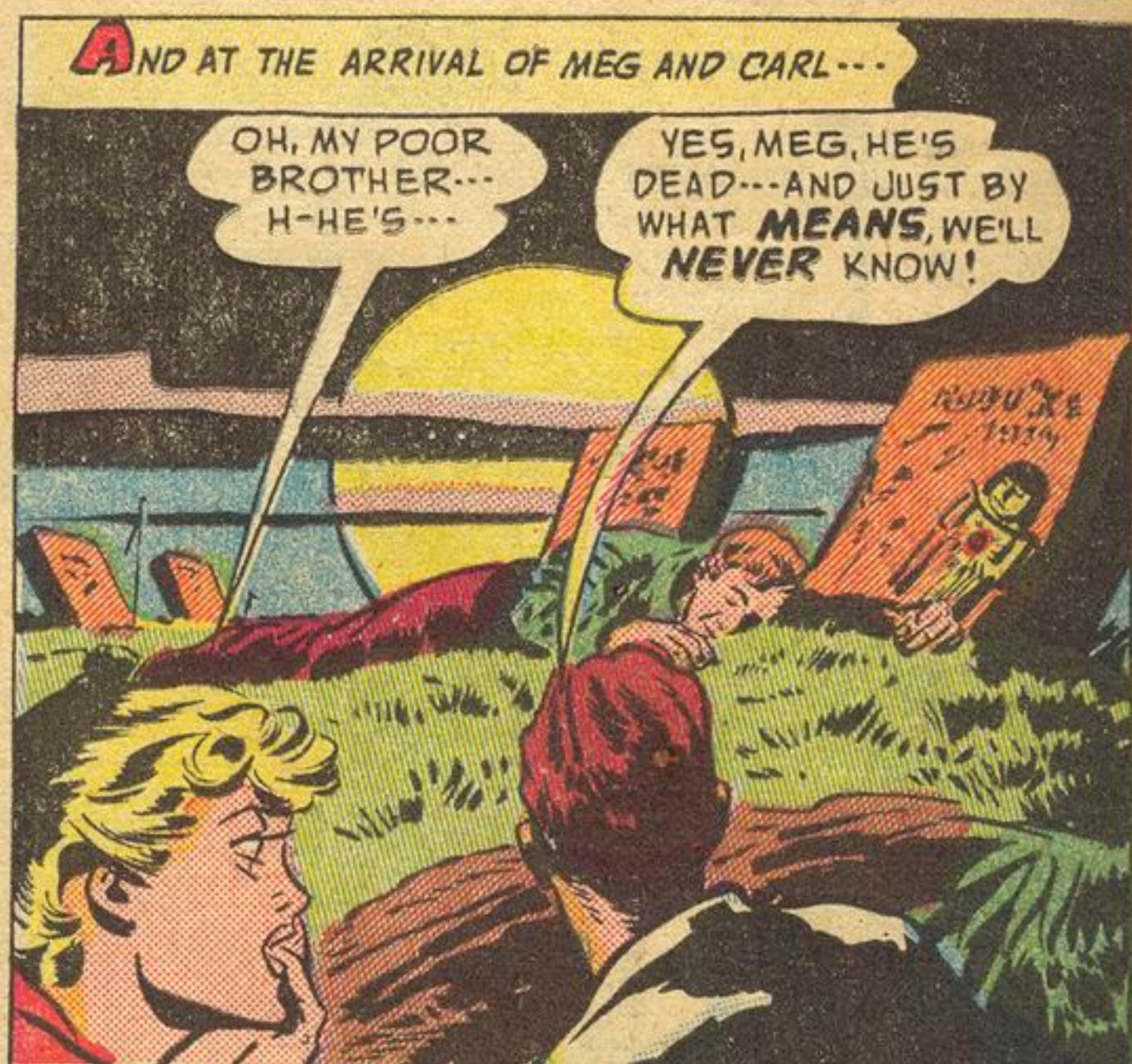
POW!

BANG!









You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe
**as YOU
can be
soon!**



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
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**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
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For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
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YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
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SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
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**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way
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"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways
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